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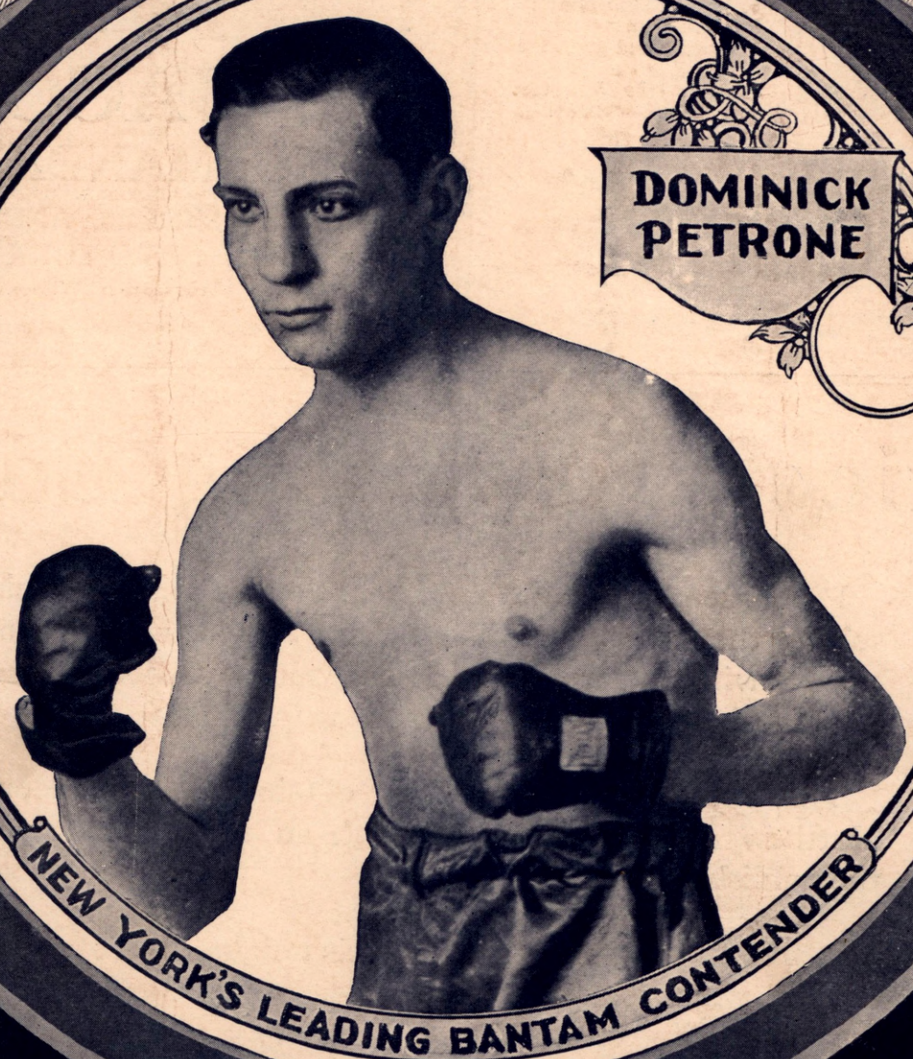

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91 Seventh Ave.
New York City, N. Y.
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APRIL, 1926

BEGINNING THIS ISSUE—BOXING ABROAD

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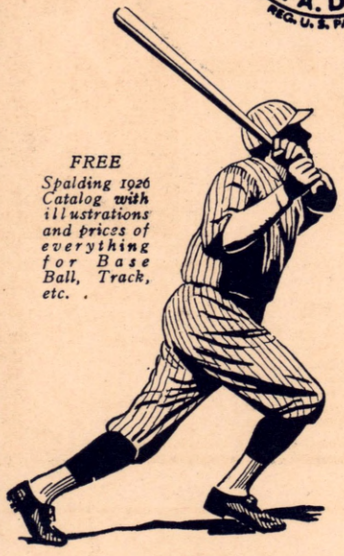

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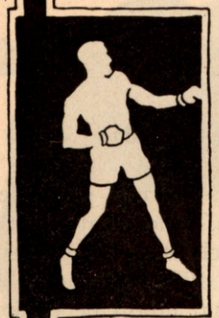

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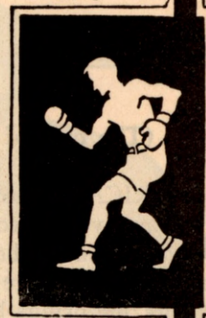

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office)
Copyright, 1926
APRIL, 1926

Published Monthly

Business and Editorial Offices:

91 Seventh Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Telephone Watkins 6382

15 cents per copy
20 cents in Canada

$1.50 per year
$1.75 in Canada
$2.00 Foreign

NAT. S. FLEISCHER, President and Editor DANIEL M. DANIEL, Vice-President and Secretary A. D. PHILLIPS, Treasurer

For Advertising Rates Address The Ring, Inc., 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City
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Associate Editors: Daniel M. Daniel, Francis Albertanti, A. D. Phillips, Jack Kofoed and John L. (Ike) Dorgan.

Entered as second class matter March 3, 1922, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Sole Distributors for Canada and Newfoundland: Imperial News Company, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver. For Cuba, Diamond News Co., Havana

Representative in England: Daw's Shipping Agency, Ltd., 4 Leicester St., Leicester Square, London, W. C. 2.

Printed in U. S. A. by C. J. O'Brien, 392 Lafayette St., N. Y. C.

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America Ranks Supreme in Boxing—Few Top-notchers Abroad—Germany Coming Into Fistic Limelight

By NAT FLEISCHER

(The first of a series of articles on an American's impression of the conditions of boxing abroad)

AMERICA has nothing to fear for many years from European invaders in the boxing game.

This is the message the publisher of this magazine brings back to his readers after a tour of England, Holland, Germany and France. Uncle Sam's boys are supreme in the fistic sport now and will be for at least another decade unless the unforseen happens and Jack Hood, of England, Harry Persson, of Sweden, or Paolino Uzudun, the Basque Woodchopper, the three leading pugilists, work their way into a world's championship and this, from inquiry and observation, seems hardly likely.

That countries in Europe, especially those wherein boxing is still in its infancy, have made tremendous strides in the development of the sport, is obvious, and it is probable that within the next decade Germany, Holland, France, Switzerland or England may yet develop sufficient strength to menace our prestige. This, however, will not take place unless the foreign boxers adopt the American style and the American training methods.

In our tour, we interviewed many boxing experts, watched the leading boys in training and saw fully three score of the best lads of Europe in all divisions engage in ring competition, and we came to the conclusion that not a dozen of the top notchers overseas compare favorably with the second raters among our boxers. Barring Persson, Paolino, Hans Herse, German welterweight, Bretonnel, French lightweight, Jack Hood, English welterweight, Kid Socks, and Elky Clarke, British flyweights, and, of course, Tommy Milligan and Roland Todd, who have been seen in this country, there are no fighters in Europe who would have a chance against our top notchers.

There are a few others who bear watching, fellows who are the idols of their countrymen, but even these good boys lack that combination of science, ability to hit and to assimilate punishment and the fighting heart which characterizes the American standard bearers. Only contact with our boxers will enable these Europeans to overcome this handicap.

Some of the British lads are exceptionally clever boys, a few are hard hitters, but with the exception of Jack Hood, a newcomer and the present fistic idol of England, there are no boxers who combine both. On the other hand, in Germany, where the public is fight crazy, there are many hard hitters, but they lack science, have absolutely no defense, and even their best boys would be marks for our second and third raters. Again, in Germany there is one exception, this being Hans Herze, a welterweight.

He is a typical Battling Hurley specimen, but he has one asset to his hitting power—ability to assimilate punishment. Herze is of the type that bores in head down from the start, and fights at a whirlwind clip throughout.

ASIDE from the above few, America can rest easy so far as its professional championships are concerned, but not so, however, in the amateur ranks. There is where the danger lies, for Europe is doing much more than this country in developing the amateur boxers; and, as in the case of our own Fidel La Barba, former Olympic champion, it seems safe to predict that, of the vast army in training in England, Sweden, France and Germany, a few boys may be uncovered who possess the proper requirements for professional championship timber. The hope of Europe lies in these amateurs.

There is little to fear from the French boxers. With Georges Carpentier on the downgrade, Eugene Criqui in retirement, Harry Nilles in the has-been class, France has few boys who can take their place with the best of the English or German boxers. Even Sweden and Holland, in the heavier classes, possess better talent than is to be found in France.

Brettonel, Francis Charles, Edward Marcart and Lucien Vinez can hold their own against the best of their foreign rivals abroad, but they do not rank the equal of our champions. The trouble in France lies in the low money exchange. France has one promoter, Dickson by name, who controls the six leading fight clubs. Mr. Dickson finds it extremely difficult to offer big purses or even what might be termed here moderate purses for big bouts, because he is compelled to pay to the government twenty-five per cent of all gross receipts and then finds that the low exchange nets very little return.

This results in his inability to get high-class boys together and also has put a damper on the boxing game in France, as the boys refuse to work for a mere pittance. At a recent bout in which Brettonel defended his championship, Dickson was able to give him only $600 in American money.

IN our trip abroad we were particularly interested in the heavyweights.

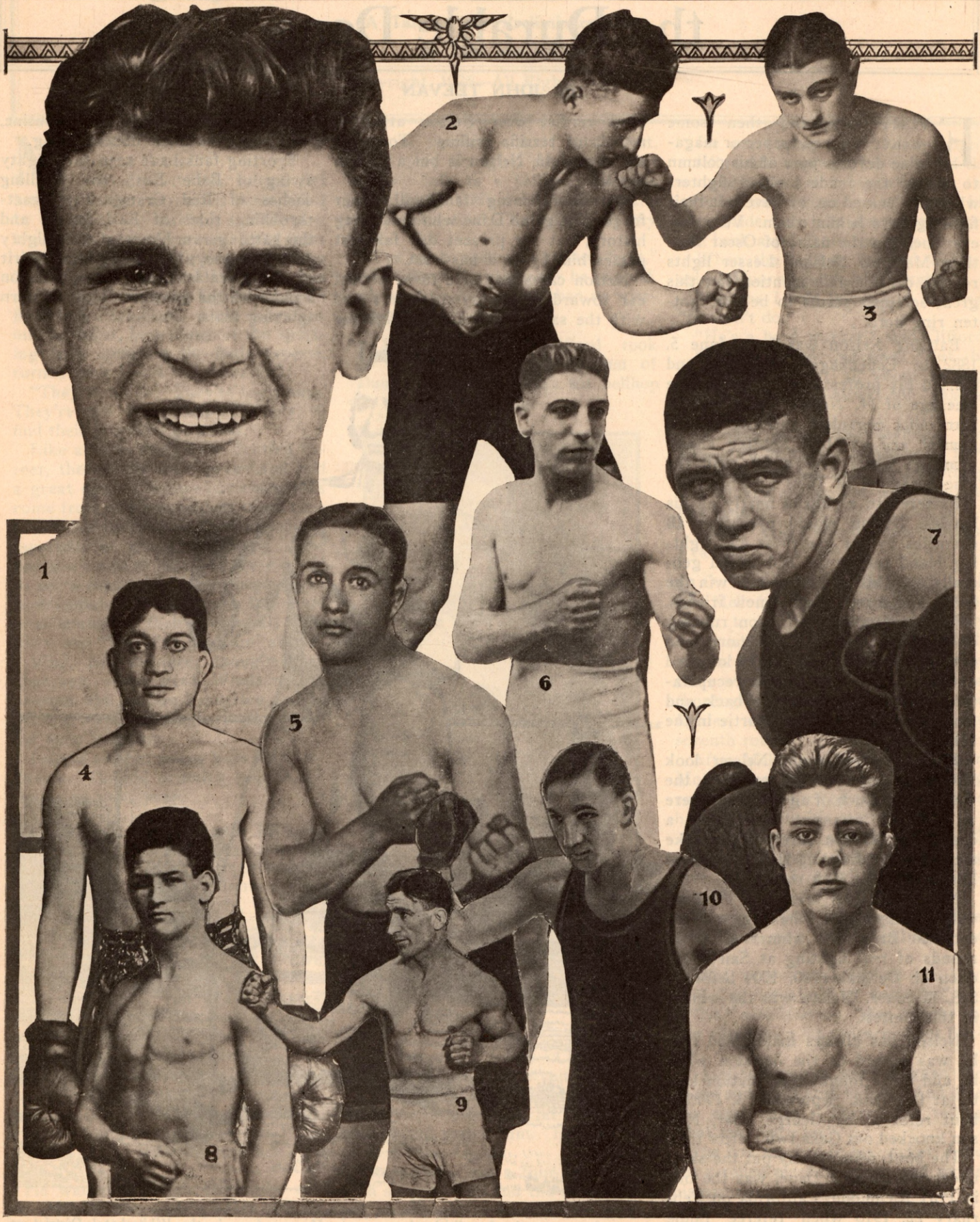
Like all other Americans who are interested in the boxing game, we were eager to come into contact with the three most advertised European heavies, Paolino, Persson and Jack Scott of England, with the idea of seeing whether any of these fighters stood the remotest chance of being the successor of our own Jack Dempsey. It took only a peep at these fellows to be convinced that the heavyweight crown lies safe in Uncle Sam's domain unless a miracle happens. Any of the three leading American heavyweights, barring the champion, would not only whip each of the three best Europeans, but it is our candid opinion that Harry Wills, George Godfrey, Gene Tunney, Jack Sharkey and Paul Berlenbach would each score a knockout victory were any pitted against Paolino, Scott or Persson.

Of the three European heavyweights, we rank Persson on top, for he has repeatedly demonstrated his superiority as the best of his class abroad and has had three big offers turned down by Paolino, his greatest rival, for a European championship bout. As Descamps told the writer:

"Why should I accept a fight for Paolino with Persson for $10,000 here when I can go to America and get $30,000 for Paolino for his first battle

(*Continued on page* 11)

England's Leading Boxing Representatives



1—*Tommy Milligan, welterweight and middleweight champion.* 2—*Roland Todd, middleweight.* 3—*Johnny Sulivan, welterweight.* 4—*Johnny Brown, bantamweight champion.* 5—*Ernie Jarvis, flyweight.* 6—*Alf Mancini, Anglo-Italian lightweight.* 7—*Harry Mason, lightweight champion.* 8—*Jack Hood, Ted Broadribb's welterweight, Europe's latest fistic sensation.* 9—*Ernie Rice, lightweight.* 10—*Gypsie Daniels, heavyweight.* 11—*Harry Corbett, featherweight.*

The Fighting Spirit of Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane

By JOHN TEEVAN

EVERY now and then some writer in a newspaper or magazine devotes part of his column to telling the readers about fighters who have passed on, or have left their fighting days behind them. Very few ever mention the name of Oscar Battling Matthew Nelson. Lesser lights receive considerable mention but this great scrapper seems to be a forgotten ring hero.

Battling Nelson was born June 5, 1882 in Copenhagen, Denmark and started his professional career at the wee age of 14. Nelson was a man of marvelous organism and one of the gamest and greatest fighting champion the world ever knew with the lone exception of John L. Sullivan.

Battered to a pulp in nearly all his battles, Nelson would overcome all obstacles by his gameness and fighting blood and in the end would generally stop his adversary and win the battle and many hundred new friends.

Martin Canole had Nelson running on his heels and it looked more than once that the battler would be knocked out but with unexplainable recuperative powers, Nelson came back and landed the haymaker on Martie in the 13th round.

Eddie Hanlon made Nelson look like a novice. Nelson reminded the writer very much of an instance where an amateur was put up against a champ for Hanlon surely looked like a champ until Battling Nelson knocked him out in the 19th round.

Nelson got bad breaks in his bout with Jimmy Britt when the referee declared Britt the winner after 20 rounds of real fighting at San Francisco on December 20, 1904 before a $48,311 house. Nelson was the winner in this contest.

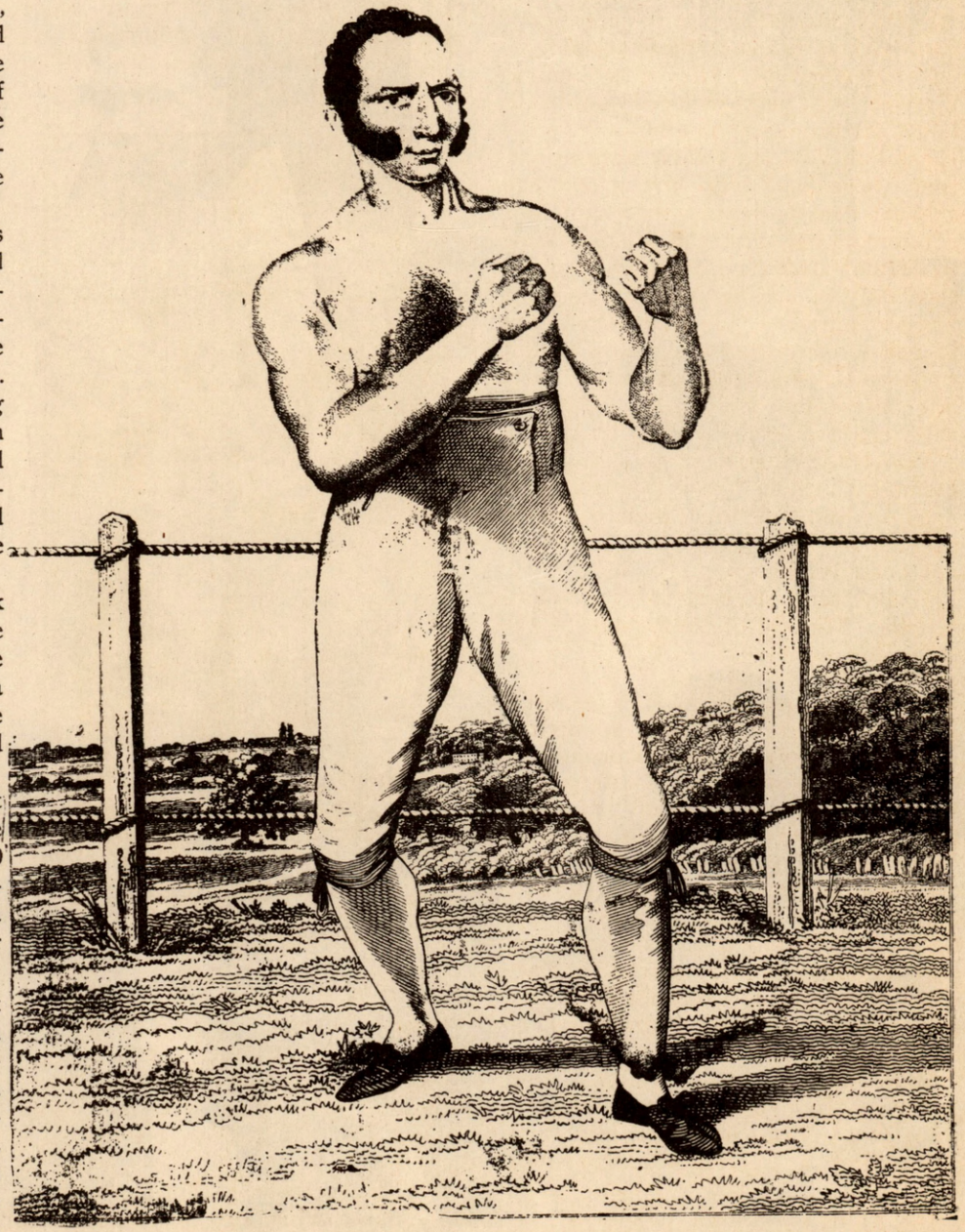
Nelson has always maintained that he was jobbed of the decision when he and Gans fought their fiction battle at Goldfield, September 3, 1906, a bout refereed by George Siler, Nelson knocked out Gans twice after that.

The bout, which really put the skids under the Durable Dane, was the one in Port Richmond, California on February 22, 1910 when referee Eddie Smith gave Ad Wolgast a technical k. o. verdict over Nelson after 40 rounds of terrific milling. Today at the age of 43, Nelson is but a human derelect.

Old time boxing fans will never forget this game Dane who made ring history, but the present day fan just passes him by as a has-been.

Nelson cares not. He turns a deaf ear toward all his sympathizers and with the same gameness and fighting blood goes about his daily routine, striving to earn an honest living.

Sporting fans have seen the mighty swing of Babe Ruth, the thrilling dashes of Red Grange, the heart-throbbing rides of Earl Sande, and the battling ram blows of the mighty Jack Dempsey, but the fighting spirit of the Durable Dane still stands on a par with the greatest of the modern sporting feats.



Samuel Elias, known as Dutch Sam, a famous Hebrew fighter of the period, 1801-1814. He was known as the Israelitish phenomenon. He was born in the Whitechapel District of London in 1775.

"Mighty Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

A Tale of the Preliminary Boy

By TIM McGRATH

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MIGHTY Oaks From Little Acorns Grow."

How well this adage fits into the field of fistiana is exemplified by the many top notchers and the new champions who have come to the front within the past twelve months. When Tod Morgan and Fidel La Barba, the newly crowned junior lightweight and flyweight champions, made their bow on the Coast, how many of the sporting fans, including the fistic experts, turned their heads and remarked:

"They won't do. They're too young. They're too inexperienced"—only to find their prophecy go amiss.

Like all who start their fighting career, these boys were green and had a great deal to learn—but champions come from raw material. It takes time to develop the first raters in any sport, especially in boxing, and many is the fine story told of lads who were asked to get a reputation when they sought their initial ring battle and a few years later presented their credentials with the words "World's Champion" affixed.

Who, for instance, thought that Dempsey, when Fred Windsor first brought him to San Francisco, would become world's champion? Nobody—not even Windsor.

I never scoff at young boys with ambitions. The kid of today may be the champion next year.

I WILL exemplify another instance of an obscure boy that came up like a rocket. Jerry Clifford was promoting boxing shows in Butte, Montana, and he matched Honey Mellody, who was then the welterweight champion, with Jerry McCarthy. Mellody, as all fighters who fight in Butte, arrived in town quite a while before the day of the fight, for Butte, you know, is very high, and a person from another place who is to undergo physical exertion there must become accustomed to breathing the thin air.

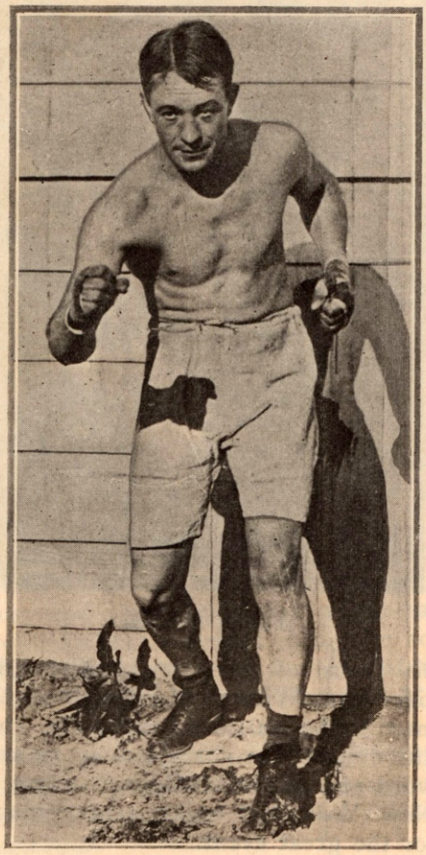
With Mellody came his manager, Johnny Mooney, who immediately went to Clifford and asked him if he could find a sparring partner for Mellody.

He wanted a tough fellow, he explained, one who could give as well as take punches.

Clifford didn't know of any sparring partners running around loose, but, after some thought, suggested that Mooney talk to a bellhop who was going to fight Mose LaFontise in the semi-windup to the Mellody-McCarthy fight.

"I've never seen this bellhop fight," said Clifford, "but they say he is good, and, anyhow, he's better than no sparring partner at all."

THAT afternoon Clifford took Mooney to the gymnasium of "Dunc" McDonald, where the bellhop was doing his training.



Stanley Ketchel

"Come over," said Clifford to Mooney; "I'll introduce you."

"No," said Mooney, "don't say anything to him. Just let me stand around and watch him. He may not do at all."

The bellhop was a thin-faced chap, with snappy eyes, and the moment he put on the gloves he attracted attention, for he was a regular bunch of dynamite.

He was boxing with a heavyweight, a fellow almost twice his size, and the way he soaked that big fellow on the stomach and whizzed punches past his chin made even the spectators wince and back away from the ring.

When the bellhop finished Clifford asked Mooney what he thought.

"Just as I told you," said Mooney, "he won't do."

"He's a hard worker," said Clifford.

"Yes," agreed Mooney, "but he knows nothing at all about boxing. He just whams away for general results.

"I have a world's champion, you know; I'd be taking a chance of having him hurt his hand or something if I let him try to box with a fellow like that."

"Well," said Clifford, "he's the best I can do."

SO the bellhop didn't box with Mellody, and the night of the show, to shorten the story, Mellody easily whipped McCarthy, and the bellhop, a wild man in the ring if ever there was one, sailed into LaFontise, a thoroughly seasoned, experienced fighter, and knocked him out in the seventh round.

After Mellody had whipped his man Mooney, on his way to the dressing room, was stopped by the bellhop, who had gotten into his street clothes.

"Mr. Mooney," said the bellhop, "I want to ask you. Some day will you give me a match with Honey Mellody?"

Mooney looked at the boy. "How long have you been fighting?" he asked.

"Not very long," replied the boy, "but I'm not afraid of anybody."

"No," said Mooney, "that may be so. But you have a lot to learn about boxing.

"Just now you're just a slugger. Go ahead and learn how to box. And give me your name. There's no telling what may turn up."

The boy reached in his pocket, drew out a soiled piece of paper, and wrote his name:

"STANLEY KETCHEL."

He never learned how to box, but, gosh, how he could fight!

How Muldoon, With Double Nelson Hold, Enforced Training Rules on Sullivan

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

HISTORIANS of pugilism have made frequent references to contests between boxers and wrestlers and have discussed at length the question of superiority as between the exponents of these two forms of physical disputation. Singularly enough the most notable instance of combat in which a wrestler was opposed by a boxer has been almost completely overlooked.

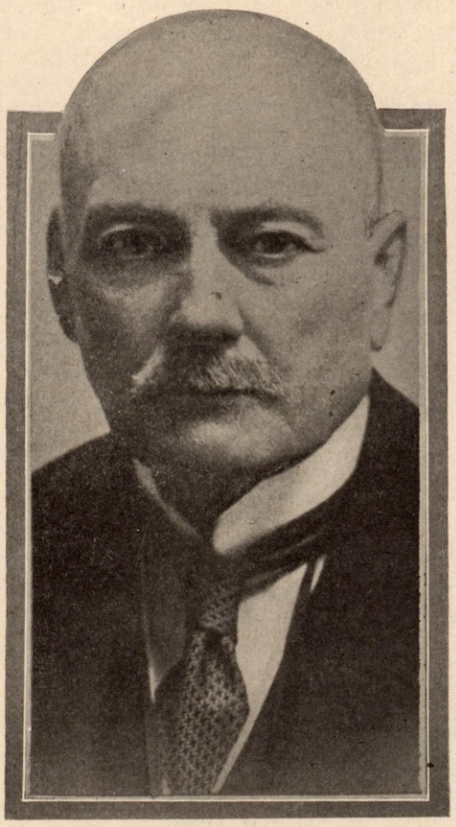
It took place at Belfast, N. Y., in the spring of 1889, the boxer being John Lawrence Sullivan and the Wrestler William Muldoon. The contest was not staged in a public hall and there were no gate receipts. Had the affair been properly publicized it would have drawn a tremendous house. The gladiators met in the work room of Muldoon's health farm at Belfast and only a favored few witnessed the battle.

The events leading up to the contest were decidedly interesting. Sullivan, after successfully dodging challenges from Peter Jackson, Joe Goddard, Frank Slavin and others, finally decided he would have to get into the ring with some one and accordingly accepted a proposal for a bout from Jake Kilrain, a fairly good boxer but not so formidable as the trio named above.

After the acceptance of Kilrain's challenge, Sullivan was seized with the happy thought of doing a bit of training for the event, which was set for the month of July. Following his rather unpleasant experience with Charles Mitchell in France in 1888 the champion seems to have realized that it would be necessary for him to add considerable detail to his conventional preparation consisting of a shave and haircut.

THE Boston Strong Boy had done no serious training since his bout with Paddy Ryan in 1882, and he had completely lost the "straight front" that distinguished him in his earlier career. He seems to have realized that a hard look would be ineffective in the case of Kilrain, who was slightly different from the succession of frightened setups that Sullivan had been toppling for several years.

Having decided to train the next question was as to the trainer, and Sullivan had no doubt that any trainer in the world would be overjoyed to take the position for the great "John L." After numerous conferences with



William Muldoon

his Board of Strategy, Sullivan decided that William Muldoon was the man to be entrusted with the conditioning of the champion, so he sent word at once to Muldoon to come to New York and make arrangements for the great event.

After a wait of several days Sullivan received a brief message to the effect that if he had any business of importance to transact he could best attend to it at Belfast. Muldoon added that he was very busy with his health farm patrons and could not leave his post. This was not the sort of treatment Sullivan was accustomed to, but he swallowed his pride and went to Belfast.

AFTER announcing to Muldoon that he had been honored by his selection as trainer, Sullivan went on to specify exactly what he wanted to do in the way of preparation for the Kilrain contest. In reply Muldoon told Sullivan that if he came to Belfast to train he would be required to do exactly what Muldoon told him to do. In fact that Sullivan would have to obey orders or else get some other training quarters. This was a violent surprise for the champion, but he finally agreed to all conditions imposed by Muldoon and a week later the champion arrived at Belfast, bag and baggage and settled down to active work.

For two weeks Sullivan submitted to the course of sprouts prescribed by Muldoon and all went along smoothly. Then he was seized with a desire for the bright lights, the gaiety and the other attractions that had formed the chief feature of his previous trainings. For a time Sullivan showed his displeasure by scowling and grumbling, but he did not disobey the orders of his taskmaster.

At last one fine day in May he openly rebelled and refused to obey the rules laid down by Muldoon. The latter thereupon informed Sullivan that he would either follow instructions or find some other training quarters. To this ultimatum Sullivan replied that he would train when he pleased, as he pleased and furthermore he would remain in the Muldoon quarters until such time as he desired to depart.

HAD this situation arisen among international diplomats, it would have been designated a crisis, and innumerable notes would have been exchanged. But the only note employed by Muldoon was a note of warning to the effect that if Sullivan's baggage and person were not out of the Belfast quarters within six hours they would be individually and collectively thrown out.

The suggestion that anyone would have the hardihood to attempt to throw the great John L. Sullivan out of his training quarters appealed to the champion's risibilities and he gave expression to his amusement with a boisterous guffaw. He did not pack up and check out and spent the allotted six hours in lolling about the

Three Great English Fighters of the 19th Century

Ned Painter of Norwich, 1813-1820.

Ned Turner of Crucifix Lane, 1814-1824.

Bill Neat of Bristol, 1818-1823.

premises, Muldoon approached the champion at the end of the time limit and in a business like manner asked him if he was ready to move out. Sullivan arose and in bellicose tones declared he had no intention of moving.

This was the signal for action on the part of Muldoon, who made a leap at the pugilist, took a body hold and dumped the champion on the floor like a sack of flour. Sullivan was on his hands and knees in such a position he could not use his fists and Muldoon quickly fastened a double Nelson on the Bostonian and held him as though in a vise. To the layman it may be explained that a double Nelson is obtained when a wrestler has his opponent on hands and knees on the canvas. While in this advantageous position the man on top maneuvers until he slips his left arm under the victim's armpit and the hand around the back of the neck.

THIS is the half Nelson and is fairly effective. To complete the double Nelson the right arm is then slipped under the armpit and both hands are locked on the back of the neck, the fingers being interlaced. This is a very dangerous hold, almost as deadly as the strangle, and many wrestlers have been severely injured through its use.

Sullivan squirmed and struggled desperately to free himself from the clutch, but the more he fought to release himself from the hold the worse he hurt himself. After being held in that depressing position for fifteen minutes, Sullivan expressed a wish to be set free. Muldoon inquired if Sullivan had changed his mind on the subject of training properly or retiring from the farm. Sullivan replied that he had decided it would be best for him to remain at the farm and follow Muldoon's instructions. Muldoon then unlocked the double Nelson and Sullivan got his neck back into its normal shape. Muldoon and Sullivan then shook hands and the pugilist trained like a major up to the time he started for Richburg, Miss., to fight Kilrain in the last London rules contest for the heavyweight championship in the United States.

Although Kilrain was a better boxer than Sullivan and superior in ring generalship, Sullivan's excellent physical condition, due to Muldoon's training, enabled the champion to wear down and defeat his opponent. Not only that, but Sullivan was able to fight seventy-five rounds, lasting more than three hours, under a broiling sun and conditions that would have wilted a less vigorous man. The conditioning of Sullivan was one of the most notable achievements of Muldoon, whose record as a teacher of health-giving conduct, is replete with brilliant feats. There are few athletes who have not profited by his valuable precepts.

IT has been intimated that Muldoon utilized a baseball bat in subduing the turbulent Sullivan at Belfast. There is no truth in that statement. In 1889, Muldoon was in his forty-fourth year and was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood. He was one of the greatest Graeco-Roman wrestlers in the history of that sport, and he did not require the aid of a baseball bat to clinch an argument with anyone.

Ten years after the Kilrain battle, Sullivan again wended his way to Muldoon's health farm, which then was located near White Plains, N. Y. Sullivan was under the impression that there was one more good fight in him, and he felt that Muldoon was the only man who could fit him for a struggle. Muldoon received him cordially and put him to work, but Sullivan had reached a stage where he could not concentrate on training, and after a few lapses, Muldoon quietly and firmly bade him good bye.

Sullivan and his advisers made a serious mistake when they failed to engage Muldoon to train the champion for his battle with Corbett in 1892. Had they done so, Sullivan would at least have been in good physical condition. It is unlikely he would have won, but he might have made a more creditable showing. Sullivan's trainer for that bout was Phil Casey, the handball champion, and Casey was successful in compelling Sullivan to train exactly as Sullivan wanted to.

In fact Sullivan's training at Shinnecock Hills, on the eastern end of Long Island, was farcical. It consisted of a little work at the pulleys, a bit of swimming and no road work. He had a distressing paunch when he started for New Orleans, and his speed as compared to Corbett's was as that of a camel to a deer hound.

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Just An Earful

The Corbett-Choynski Fight on Barge

By TAD

New York Evening Journal's Famous Cartoonist and Sports Expert—Used by Permission of the King Features Service

WHEN Jim Coffroth blew into 'Frisco recently on a visit he was surrounded by a bunch of old-timers, who talked old fights for hours. The San Francisco "Call" printed the following account of the affair:

"Do you remember when"—questioned Mose Gunst, and Coffroth and McGrath edged a little closer, with brighter light shining in their eyes—"when Nat Goodwin brought the Nonpareil, Jack Dempsey, to the Benicia barge as second to Choynski?

"You know, Dempsey wouldn't go. He declared that he didn't want to see the fight. He and Corbett had a falling out and he didn't want to see him fight.

"Nat Goodwin came in to Dempsey in a saloon and said:

"'Say, Jack, let me see your wrist. I just made a bet with a fellow outside that your wrist is smaller than mine.'

"'Sure,' responded Dempsey, as he bared his wrist and held it out.

"Nat reached over and snapped a handcuff over the wrist, then snapped one on his own, binding the two together.

"'What's the idea?' questioned the Nonpareil.

"'You're coming to the Corbett-Choynski fight with me,' said Nat.

"'You're wrong. I'm going to bed.'

"'Then I'm going to bed with you,' replied Nat.

"Dempsey puzzled for a moment and then decided he was in for it. He went. And he saw Corbett win."

We saw Corbett recently and asked him about that famous fight.

"That story's wrong," said Jim, getting excited immediately. "Dempsey and I never had a quarrel. The people behind Choynski were very anxious to have him beat me and paid Jack Dempsey a thousand dollars to second him. I met Jack on the barge just before the fight, and he said to me: 'Jim, they are offering me $1,000 to go behind Choynski, and I don't know whether to accept it or not.'

"I looked at Dempsey and smiled, and then, more for effect than anything else, said: 'You go ahead and take that money, Jack, and you go behind him. You can't make him beat me and he knows it.'

"The fight was for a thousand dollars a side, Mose Gunst putting up the thousand dollars for Choynski. I had Billy Delaney as my chief second, while Choynski had Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil; Eddie Graney and Nat Goodwin. That was the fight on the barge, and it went twenty-seven rounds. That's the day Choynski wore the skin-tight driving gloves (some one having tossed his overboard before the fight), while I wore regular five-ounce gloves.

"JUST before he died, Billy Delaney wrote a story for a Western paper, declaring that to have been the greatest fight he ever saw in his life. Well, it was a pip, even though I do say so myself. I know that I fainted after it was all over and had two broken hands.

"Choynski stayed in a Turkish bath for five days after the fight. He was so battered up he didn't want to be seen by his friends."

The fight took place at Benicia, Cal., at 11 o'clock, on the morning of June 5, 1889.

Choynski was twenty-one years of age and Corbett was twenty-three. What a battle that must have been, eh!

YOU old-timers will remember Joe Goddard, of Australia, but you boys of today will have to read and learn of him.

He was a big six-footer, weighing 190 pounds, and no tougher or gamer man ever pulled on a pair of gloves. Goddard was a terror. He loved to fight and he looked it. He had a big, thick neck, a red face that was very bony and flat, with high cheek bones, such as the Eskimos have.

Spider Kelly used to laugh right out loud when he talked about Goddard. "That fellow wouldn't believe that a man could be knocked out," said the Spider. "He told me they all quit. He said it wasn't possible to be hit so hard that you couldn't get up within ten seconds."

Goddard was a terrible man to fight. He fought a draw with Peter Jackson before he came to America, then licked Mick Dooley three times (Dooley beat Fitzsimmons twice in Australia).

(*Continued on page* 13)

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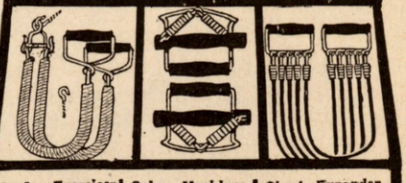
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AMERICA RANKS SUPREME IN BOXING

(*Continued from page* 4)

there. The risk is too great."

We agree with Monsieur Descamps, THE RISK IS TOO GREAT. THERE ARE TOO MANY AMERICAN SUCKERS WHO WOULD PAY BIG MONEY TO SEE PAOLINO, THE GIANT BASQUE WOODCHOPPER, IN HIS INITIAL PERFORMANCE IN NEW YORK.

ALTHOUGH England ranks first in boxing among the foreign nations, there is not to be found in England the keen interest exhibited by the Germans. The former domain of the Kaiser is a hotbed for boxing. It seems that every man, woman and child can speak intelligently about the sport. It is this exceptional interest which impressed us to such an extent that we were dumfounded.

Every school, every athletic club, the police department, the military organizations—the schutzen vereins—all have their boxing instructor. With their many professionals and 40,000 amateur boxers, the outlook in Germany is exceptionally bright. England has fallen from its high perch in the fistic sphere during the past decade, and things appear even more gloomy for the future of the game there, now that the boxing craze has spread so rapidly in Germany.

To what extent the fight game has taken a hold on the Germans may be gleaned from the following illustration:

In company with twelve German reporters we were invited to attend an exhibition of bouts in the town of Bernau, thirty miles from Berlin. We were informed that the place where the bouts were to be staged was a huge road house containing two dance halls, a large auditorium, six meeting or convention rooms and a restaurant. When we arrived at Bernau on a train that carried about 200 Berlin fight fans, we trekked over rough roads for half an hour for a distance of two miles before reaching the rendezvous.

There, much to our surprise, we were ushered into a large dining room where we were introduced to the Mayor, his wife and daughter. After a couple of steins, we walked through a winding passage and then came into a large hall which we were given to understand was used as a political meeting place.

We were pushed, shoved and hustled to and fro until we finally gained admittance to a great gathering to see six four-round bouts among Germany's leading boxers.

Within ten minutes after our arrival, an anouncement was made that the Chief of Police would not permit any more persons to enter and the doors of the hall were closed. There were 1,600 men, women, children and at least a dozen dogs present and fully 500 could not gain admittance and were compelled to receive their entertainment in the dance halls or the restaurant.

BEFORE the fights were started, we were informed by the Chairman of the German State Boxing Federation that once every two months, to foster boxing among the professionals and to keep the boys from losing heart, all the top notchers who were unable to obtain a contest during that period were privileged to perform here in four-round exhibitions. The price of admission varied from two gold marks or forty-eight cents in American money to seven marks or an equivalent to approximately $1.50 in our money. Of this amount the proprietor of the hall took forty per cent to pay for his expenses and the remainder was divided equally among the twelve boxers.

On this occasion, two German champions were among the competitors and each received as his share about ten dollars for a four-round bout, or less than what our average tenth-rate preliminary boy gets for a similar contest. Not alone were the bouts fought with a viciousness that seldom characterizes the average American bouts—there were two knockouts and one bout was stopped in the third round to save the boxer from too severe punishment—but the entire affair was staged under such unique conditions as to cause the writer to gaze in awe.

A ring ten feet by thirteen with only two sets of ropes, one below and one on top, and a hard board floor containing at least a pound of resin, formed the scene of action. There was no covering to the ring floor. And without the ring, there was a picture which words fail to describe! Only a photograph would do justice to that scene!

SITTING in the front two rows, reserved for the elite, were at least two dozen fashionably dressed women, the mayor and his wife and daughter included. Behind, were men, women and children of all classes—some dressed in their Sunday best, others in their usual working clothes, and several women holding babes in their arms. One even was feeding her child in an atmosphere that ill-became motherhood. Sitting opposite the writer were two girls each of whom held a Belgian police puppy in her arms, and still further back was a large dachshund sitting on the lap of a boy.

All around the hall were waiters selling their wares and doing a rushing business—beer, pretzels, hot dogs and sauerkraut. The entire proceedings reminded us of the old Schutzen Fests we used to attend at the German picnic grounds in Long Island and in New Jersey fifteen years ago when a reporter on the old New York Press.

Everyone sat sedately munching away. Occasionally, with the wild applause that greeted a knockdown, the barks of the dogs would penetrate the air.

After the bouts and just before adjournment, the Mayor got into the ring and expressed his appreciation for the orderly manner in which the exhibitions were conducted and made a few complimentary remarks on the honor of having an American sports writer among the guests. He asked, in German, that we deliver a few words to the audience and all we could say was that we exceedingly regreted our inability to carry back to America for publication in THE RING, a picture of the audience for never before had we seen such a unique sight at any boxing bouts. What—with the suckling babes, children, dogs and women present, and the beer, hot dogs and sandwiches—wouldn't this picture be worth while preserving! Only the pencil or paint of a Cruickshank, Leech, Hogarth or Rowlandson could do justice to the scene.

(*To be continued*)

Wanted

Former champions and top notchers, boxers of the bare knuckle days and present era, do you want your names to be incorporated in a list of 400 sports celebrities which is to be placed as a permanent memorial in the lobby of Madison Square Garden? If so, send me your signature. Do it now. A time limit has been set. Get Busy.

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Tom McArdle Names Greatest Fighters of All Time; Jim Jeffries Best Heavyweight

By TOM McARDLE

New York's Famous Promoter and Matchmaker

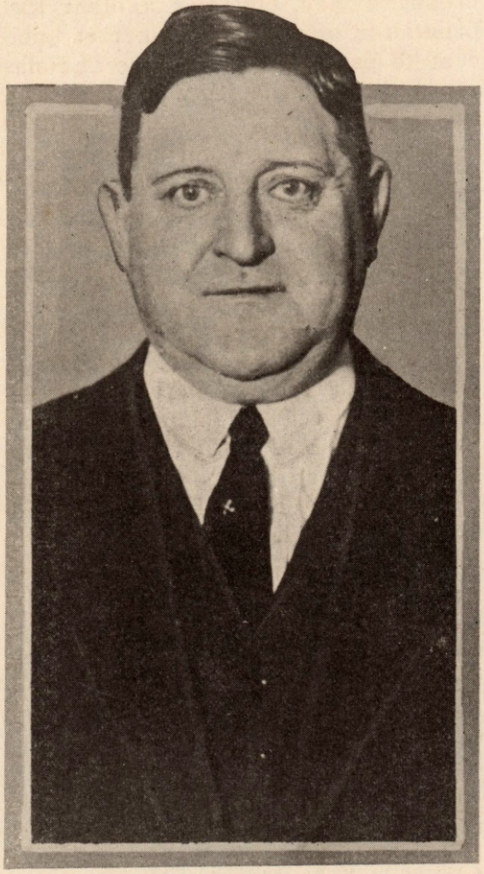
THE games of chess and dominoes with the cross-word puzzle thrown in for good measure had to be abandoned three nights in a row because my mind was concentrated on selecting the best fighters in the seven recognized divisions. The editor of THE RING handed me a man's sized job; now that it's over, I want to thank him for the good reason that I never got so many thrills as I did going through the lists.

I have been associated with boxing in various capacities for thirty or more years. I have seen them come and go. There isn't a scrapper worth knowing whom I did not see in action when he was at his best.

Boxing has been more than good to your Uncle Dudley. I managed some good boys in my time, but I liked the promotorial and matchmaking end of the sport best. You must be on your toes making matches. You must know the qualifications of each and every performer, their worth at the box office, and pairing them as evenly as it is humanely possible to give the customers a run for their money. I have been through the mill, hence my reasons for placing the men in fistiana's Hall of Fame are authoritative.

Although it was not my intention to pick punchers, I discovered after completing the selections that all of the seven men packed hefty wallops. Only two and possibly three combined boxing skill with the punch sporific—Benny Leonard, Joe Walcott and George Dixon. Benny and Dixon were far more clever than Walcott, Jeffries, Dillon, Ketchel and Williams, laid low most of their opponents, throwing whatever little science they knew to the four winds in the heat of battle.

IT took me almost a whole night to decide on the best heavyweight of all time. I was undecided between Jeffries and Jack Dempsey. The record of Jeffries impressed me the most. Comparisons are odious, but I figured that if both men at their best ever fought, Jeff would be returned victorious. He knocked out some of the greatest fighters that ever laced on a glove. He was a soldier under fire. Jeff would let a man punch himself out and then start to work on him. He owned the greatest left hook that was ever known. He used to paralyze the boys with this blow. Bob Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Tom Sharkey and Gus Ruhlin were mowed down with this terrific punch. Dempsey hasn't fought those kind of bruisers, with the possible exception of Corbett, who was one of a few of the cleverest big fellows that ever fought; he has had it pretty soft as kingpin of the heavyweight division. Jeffries will always live in my memory as the daddy of them all. He would have cut John L. Sullivan to ribbons.



Tom McArdle

While he never held the title and although many think that either Bob Fitzsimmons or "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien could have beaten him, I insist Jack Dillon was the best light heavyweight in modern ring history. Whoever nicknamed him the "Man Killer" knew whereof he spoke. The sawed-off Indianapolis bruiser was a two-fisted fighter, every inch of him. His best dish was knocking off heavies. Weight, height and reach were the least of his worries.

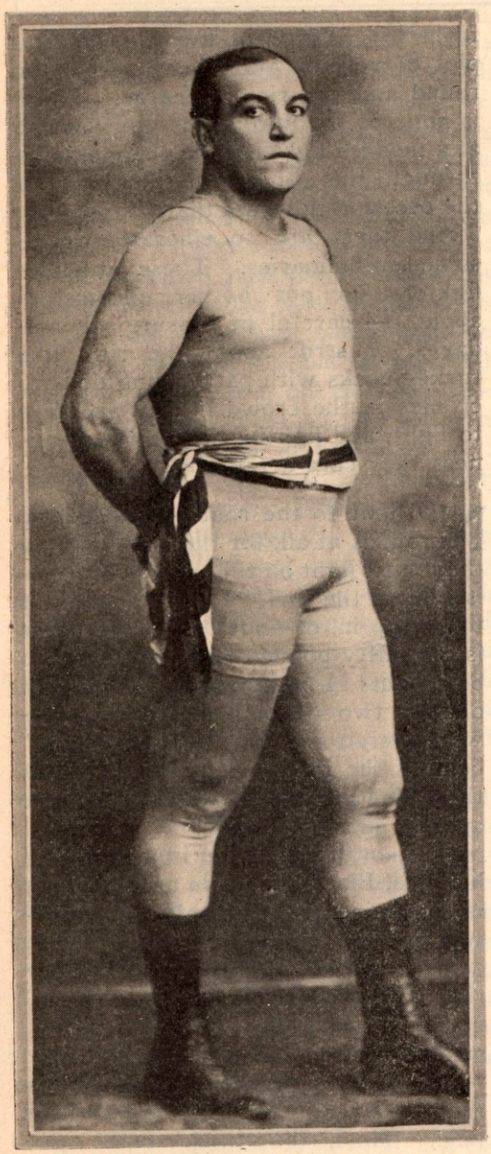
He fought a majority of his fights under a handicap. His record proves his greatness. The bigger they came the faster he brought them down to his size, putting them in position to spear them with the right cross. He was a tough old bird. His greatest feat was his decisive victory scored over the towering Frank Moran when the Pittsburger was headed for the heavyweight championship.

NOW we come to the middleweight class. I didn't have to think twice to decide on whom I thought was the best middleweight. No other name passed in review because Stanley Ketchel's was implanted on my mind. The man who won and lost the title; the gamester who had the audacity to face the scientific, sharpshooting Jack Johnson, and the lad who astounded the fistic populace by knocking out "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien after being nearly annihilated—that's only a few of Ketchel's achievements. He carried sticks of dynamite in both hands, could take it till the cows came home, and he was dangerous right up to the last bell. For his size and weight he was the wonder of the age. Fearless was his middle name. Had he taken care of himself, had he lived a clean life, there is no telling how far he would have gone. His passing came as a great shock to the pugilistic world.

Another terror comes to mind as I peruse the list of our greatest weiterweights. Joe Walcott is a name to conjure with. He was the daddy of

them all. The Barbadoes negro was built like the rock of Gibraltar. I could write a book on Joe's achievements. He could take a dozen or more of our best 147-pounders today and knock them out one after the other in the space of half an hour.

Like Dillon and Ketchel, Walcott was forced to abandon his division time and again to earn a living. Most of the welters in his halcyon days feared



James J. Jeffries

him like poison. They used to run to cover whenever his name cropped up. I saw him in his never-to-be-forgotten battle with Kid Lavigne. He gave the Kid the worst licking of his life. There never will be another welterweight to take Joe's place. He stood out all by himself.

I'll be put on the "grease" and turned over to a fine crisp after the boys get through panning me for my temerity in picking Benny Leonard as the best of the lightweight crop. As in the case of Jeffries and Dempsey, I was undecided between Benny and Kid Lavigne. I gave Leonard the preference because of his extreme science.

True, Lavigne waged battle against men far superior to those that Benny has whipped, but, on the other hand, Leonard was not only cleverer but he could hit as hard as Lavigne. Leonard, in my opinion, was the greatest lightweight that ever donned the mittens. After he found his punch there wasn't a man his weight and inches that could stand up under his battering. He was a treat for the eye to watch in action. He had the knack of paralyzing his men before knocking them into the arms of Morpheus. I was the first man to see a bright future in him. I handled him from the very beginning. Because of my exacting duties as matchmaker of the old Fairmont, I turned him over to Billy Gibson. He was only knocked out twice in his life. Once he got in his stride he was near nigh invincible. He made a fortune. He was a credit to the game. His name will long live in the memories of the present generation of fight fans. In addition to his greatness as a fighter he was the most inteligent of the general run of scrappers.

McARDLE'S ALL-TIME BOXING SELECTIONS

Heavyweight—Jim Jeffries
Light Heavyweight — Jack Dillon
Middleweight—Stanley Ketchel
Welterweight—Joe Walcott
Lightweight — Benny Leonard
Featherweight — George Dixon
Bantamweight — Kid Williams

GEORGE DIXON was head and shoulders the best of any other featherweight. Little Chocolate scored hundreds of victories and whipped the best that had nerve enough to face him. He was a picture in action. He could punch, knew when and how to hit, and didn't waste a solitary blow. He was scientific to the last degree. Even when he was fading and on his last legs, he could more than hold his own with the youngsters. Dixon earned a niche in the mythical Hall of Fame. We haven't had a featherweight approaching Dixon's greatness since he passed out.

The bantamweight division has always been inhabited by great fighters. I liked Kid Williams best. The little tiger made them stand up in their chairs when he was at the height of his career. He wrecked more aspirations than any other scrapper in ring history. After a man got through with the Kid he was either taken to a hospital for repairs or forced to hang up his gloves.

He was a terrific puncher, the kind who would take three or four blows to smash in one of his. He could keep up a fast pace from one to twenty rounds. The harder they hit the faster he'd come in for more. They don't make any more like the Kid. Although he has been in there nearly sixteen years, Williams is still fighting and going big. He'll quit when he can no longer walk to the ring. The marvel of the age.

And that's that.

JUST AN EARFUL

(*Continued from page* 10)

He stopped Billy McCarthy in six rounds and knocked out Peter Maher twice when he came over here. Later on Goddard was licked by Ruhlin, McCoy and Sharkey.

Solar Plexus, in the Sydney "Referee," says of the Goddard who beat Choynski when the latter was in his prime:

"Denny gives it out that he trained Choynski for all his fights in Australia. Old Fin Thompson's son, Harry, did the needful for the American in many of the latter fights. He trained Choynski for his last fight in Australia against Goddard, when the latter again outgamed his opponent. Martin excuses Choynski's dual defeats at the hands of Goddard by saying that after Joe had almost beaten Goddard to death, he was unable to continue owing to his legs going.

"With all due respect to Choynski, a great fighter and a brave one, he was absolutely outgamed on both occasions he met Goddard. The latter, after almost every round, staggered to his corner. Especially was this so at the termination of the third round, whilst Choynski, on the other hand, walked strongly to his chair. To the astonishment of all present, he drew off the gloves and refused to continue.

"In that contest Choynski proved himself to be one of the hardest hitters of all time. He swung one mighty punch to his opponent's cheek which lifted the big fellow off his feet and inflicted the longest and deepest wound I ever saw some from a gloved hand. The upholstery in those days of course was not of such wealth as it is today."

Bare Knuckle Fight Held in Secret

How Two Brawny Lads of England Battled Recently for an Hour and a Half in the Early Morning

By REGINALD SIMPSON

WHILE in London recently, the Editor of THE RING became acquainted with many British sporting celebrities and sports writers. It was at the famous Cheshire Cheese, the greatest rendevouz for British sportsmen, that THE RING editor joined a conversation on bare-knuckle bouts.

"Bare-knuckle fights," remarked one of the scribes, "were not confined to the old days. Here in England we still have many grudge battles fought in the open, in secret and without gloves. I recently saw two brawny English fighters engage in a terrific battle about 200 miles from London, and that bout was one of the greatest I ever had seen."

(So interesting was the account of this battle, that the Editor of THE RING induced the spectator, a well-known British writer, to tell it in his own, picturesque style to RING readers, and we herewith present his thrilling story—Editor's Note.)

TO talk of bare-knuckle battles nowadays at a gathering of fight "fans" is to excite a chorus of envious sighs. Ah, what wouldn't they give to see a real, old smashing encounter with the raw 'uns! What untold wealth wouldn't they pay to see men fight as they fought in the days of Sayers and Heenan! A Spartan and sanguinary clash of giants instead of modern fox-trot with elegant bruisers prancing round each other like dancing masters. Jove!—if only they could!

Well—astonishing fact!—their ambition is not as difficult of fulfilment as it seems. The breed of Sayers and Cribb, Heenan and the Tipton Slasher, did not, as you may think, die with them. You may still see a bare-knuckle fight, a real slap-up Corinthian affair, within a couple of hundred miles of London—if you know where to look for it. I have just seen one, and it is the nearest approach to a battle-royal between bull-terriers, I imagine, one is likely to witness outside the real thing. Furthermore, such contests are frequent in England, where fighters, eager to settle some grudge, hie themselves to an out-of-the-way section and battle until one acknowledges defeat.

NO fare for a squeamish stomach is a battle with the raw 'uns, believe me. The pounding, pulping, smashing rounds. The great fists, hard as steel gauntlets, handing out the terrible punishment of knuckle-dusters. The wallop, wallop, wallop, against crimson flesh. What would the ornamental ladies in evening gowns who sit out Albert Hall prize fights have thought of it all, I wonder?

Who were the fighters? Well, I imagine I shall not be giving away a secret if I tell you that prize fighting is their profession, and that one, at any rate, is sufficiently well known to have appeared at the National Sporting Club. Stout lads, both of them. Trained to a hair, with skin like silk and muscles that bunched into ivory knobs and rippled into long, sinuous curves as they moved, they looked the very spirit of the old-time knuckle-fighters you see on old sporting prints. Craggy and formidable, with knuckles like flints, and arms like battering-rams.

SO closely kept was the secret of the fight that, though they had been matched several weeks before, they were not aware of the exact hour of battle until the early morning of the day they stepped into the ring. At 6 a. m. they were roused by their trainers and told the fight was to take place at 7. Half an hour later they and their respective camps were on their way to the battle-ground.

Where the crowd spring from Heaven only knows. They appear to have grown up like the regiment of soldiers conjured from the soil by the wizard in the old fable. At 6 o'clock the arena of battle was deserted except for half a dozen men pegging out the ring, but by the time the fighters arrive a crowd of nearly a thousand strong is waiting for them. More than one motor car has crept out of London the night before, and taken the high road to the west.

Where the fight is to take place is a clearing in a coppice a mile or more from the nearest highway. Here a plot of velvety grass has been roped round and the ring prepared. There is none of the uproarious din you get at a modern fight club as the men step through the ropes—the illegality of the occasion prevents that.

And there are no elborate, wearisome preliminaries. These knuckle-fighters do not bother themselves about the careful fit of surgical bandages, or strut about the ring like turkey-cocks with patronizing nods to cronies in the crowd. They are here to fight, and fighting is the only business they care a rap about.

NO limit to the rounds! Indeed, no rounds at all, for the men are told they must fight on till one or the other is sent to the turf. Then, ten seconds to get up in, or—out! And the purse is only fifty pounds. This is going to be a fight! I find myself wishing that one or two of our elegant bruisers were there to see it. "Black—White," bellows the referee. A moment later there is a mighty wallop of bone against muscle. Battle!

His mouth slewed up in a corner of his face, Black rushes in as though he is determined to polish off a European war in five minutes. Crash! They come together in the centre of the ring with a shock like the jousting of mediaval flnights. Smack, smack, smack—wallop! A fist dipped in red paint dapples White's cheek. He reels, recovers. Back he comes a little wild. Thud, thud-thud, thud, thud-thud. This time it is Black's turn to wilt before the onslaught. Back he goes, back to the ropes.

Bare knuckles beat a murderous tatoo on his ribs. A powerful jab to the point closes his blue jowl like a trap. He drops his hands. Is it—can it be—the end already?

Caution to the winds, White rushes in to hand out the fishful of sleep that will end the fight. A-a-ah! Wily bird that he is, Black has tricked his opponent into thinking he is at his mercy. Now he leaps in under the other's lowered guard. Smash!

(Continued on page 18)

Harry Wills Has Fine Chance to Beat Dempsey, Heavyweight Champion

By SPIKE WEBB

American Olympic and Annapolis Boxing Coach

WHAT chance has Harry Wills with Jack Dempsey? That is the question of the moment in the pugilistic world. Is he of championship caliber? This query has been asked repeatedly, especially after Wills' defeat of Firpo, Floyd Johnson and Weinert.

These questions will be debated pro and con until that day comes, if it ever does, when champion Jack Dempsey and contender Harry Wills meet in the square circle to settle the issue and if that ever comes to pass, we will find the herd pulling for Jack to win, not that they have anything against Wills but they will want the title to remain in possession of a boxer of the same color as the mighty Sullivan, Corbett and Jeffries.

Some months ago, the writer, after having seen Dempsey topple the huge Firpo into the rosin dust at the Polo Grounds, ventured the opinion that Wills had a good chance to beat Dempsey but that chance only lay in his having sufficient cleverness and speed to carry the champion along at a fast clip for six or more rounds.

In this way he would probably tire Dempsey, for, while Willard's conqueror has seemingly phenomenal hitting powers, he lacks that essential of all topnotchers, stamina. At Toledo Dempsey was absolutely arm-weary after the first round and while he had a wide open opponent to punch at, he could not knock Jess off his feet after the fatal first round and Willard collapsed from sheer exhaustion at the end of the third round.

AFTER watching Wills in his last two battles, the writer is of the opinion that his original estimate of the chances that the colored boxer has with Dempsey will still hold, at least for the time being. In Wills, boxing critics see a fighter somewhat larger than Dempsey though this difference is not nearly as great as that which existed between Willard and Dempsey. Wills showed himself to be a decidedly clever two-handed boxer and fighter, a straight puncher, with a sock of no mean proportions in either hand. He moves about the ring in pleasing manner, his footwork is good and his judgment of distance excellent, though his defense could be somewhat improved upon.

Against the boxer from the shores of South America, he looked good enough and his work well merited the applause it drew from the crowd, but then due allowance must be made for the fact that most all boxers look great when pitted against a big, overgrown, clumsy fighter of Firpo's type, especially when the clumsy one is in no mood to tear in and do battle, and we all know that Firpo was far from being in a fighting mood that night.

Harry Wills is the typical athlete's figure, trim and well proportioned, his body is well knitted together with fully developed muscles, that play about in an impressive manner beneath his dark skin, but the challenger's somewhat prominent jaw and long neck do not augur well for the ability to weather a blizzard of punches, such as J. Harrison Dempsey would surely rain about his head. The colored ace, it is noted, boxes with his guard high and moves about on his toes, a style of ring work reminiscent of the fighters of the old school.

Tiger Flowers (right), new world's middleweight champion, and his manager, Walk Miller

HIS exhibitions of the manly art of self-defense were finished and artistic exhibitions, but he can be hit, this both Firpo and Weinert showed despite the fact that neither of the two are first-class mittmen. Wills' method of getting home his telling blows consists of feinting a man into lowering his guard and then springing forward with shoulders stooped, arm back and at the moment of starting the punch he lunges forward thus getting the full benefit of his weight back of his punches.

It is exceedingly problematical, however, whether Harry Wills could successfully solve the shifting, bobbing style of attack used by Dempsey, however active the challenger may be, however fast and clever he may be for a thing uncanny is a thing to be dreaded and Dempsey's work in the ring is about as uncanny as one would wish to see. But where champion Dempsey has it on the Senegambian Stevedore is in the power to punch. This the champion can do with either hand, at any time, from any angle, and what a punch it is!

A punch did we say? Well, rather! If we can call it a sock, we'd be nearer the truth, for Dempsey socks with his fist like Babe Ruth socks 'em out of the ball park, and maybe that Babe can't sock a ball!

This Book Has Startled the Boxing World! Don't Fail to Read It!

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They Weren't Champions—But They Were Top Notchers, Nevertheless

By JACK KOFOED

THERE have been many fighters who never won a championship, yet who were far better than the holders of the diadem. Lady Luck refused to smile on them. Sometimes they were side-tracked by the title-holders because they were too dangerous. Sometimes they stumbled by the wayside for other reasons.

A number of these battlers had the misfortune to be active at a time when a really great man swayed the destinies of their class. Though they were unquestionably better than champions who swung along in other years, they could not scale the heights in their own day.

I have compiled a table of fifty boxers, all of whom began their careers prior to twenty years ago. Not one of them ever won a title, but everyone was a dangerous contender. The table shows their percentage of defeats. Not less than thirty-three of them won 85% or more of their battles, but that availed them nothing toward setting crowns on their battered brows.

Packey McFarland, for instance, was one of the cleverest men who ever donned the gloves. In all his career he lost only one decision, that at the very beginning to an unknown named Shorty Miller. The champions of his day and generation wanted none of his game. What a mess he would have made of the lightweight elimination tournament had he been twenty years younger and seventy pounds lighter when it was originated!

THE heavyweights in my list would have furnished enough opposition for champion Jack Dempsey to dream about, and would just about ruin the rest of the crop. Everyone of them was strong, game and a powerful hitter. Peter Maher was the greatest walloper of the lot, though he had the misfortune to possess a brittle chin. Tom Sharkey was the gorgeous beast—short, thick, a terrible foe at close quarters. Joe Choynski, though a bit light for the heavyweight class, took them all on at any size. He had a frightful kick in his fists. Gus Ruhlin, one of the most beautifully developed giants of his time, could have earned a million dollars in these times.

Possibly one of the saddest failures of all was Sandy Ferguson. Here was a huge fellow, who had everything a champion needs, and he came to the wars when the great crop that began with Corbett and ended with Jeffries was all fist-torn and shattered. Ferguson might very conceivably have become the title-holder had he stayed away from liquor, but he couldn't, and literally drank himself to death.

Joe Choynski

KID McCOY, now a convict in a California penitentiary, was the cruelest, trickiest boxer of his time, a sharp hitter and a clever ring general. What havoc he wrought despite the fact that he was no more than a middleweight, who recklessly gave away weight to all comers!

Those two great negro heavyweights Sam Langford and Joe Jeannette will be remembered for many years. The "Boston Tar Baby," squat, gorilla-like, hard to hit and with a murderous punch, tried in every conceivable way to get Jack Johnson into the ring with him, but never succeeded. Sam scored fifty-nine knockouts, and even after he had become half blind was still no man to fool with. He started as a welterweight, and grew steadily, but the champions of none of the classes wanted to fight him. The same was largely true of Jeannette, who was a bigger—but not a stronger—man than Langford.

Dan Creedon, the Invercargill, New Zealand, middleweight, went great guns until his four bouts with the Barbados Demon, Joe Walcott. He lost two twenty and one six-round decision to Old Black Joe, and then was knocked out in a single round. After that, he wasn't quite so tough.

Tommy West, who came to us from Cardiff, Wales, was another bitter, slashing fighter. He trimmed Walcott and Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler" among others, but beatings he took at the hands of Tommy Ryan and Marvin Hart in 1901 practically finished his career.

Jack Bonner never became really famous, but he was a dangerous foeman, and only that wild slugger, Bill Hanrahan, and Kid McCoy ever stopped him, though he met the greatest middleweights of his day.

"CYCLONE" Johnny Thompson, who was a crack lightweight in Battling Nelson's early days, and gradually grew into the heavier divisions, was always a rushing, tearing, furious sort of battler, and a wicked hitter. He claimed the middleweight title when that division was in a scramble, but it was not really taken very seriously.

Probably the most picturesque of the old timers was "Mysterious" Billy Smith. As a rough-and-tumble barroom fighter, with gouging and heeling permitted, he probably never had a superior. Though not quite as successful in the ring, where he was frequently disqualified for fouling, Smith was a tough man to whip. He defeated such great fighters as Matty Matthews, Joe Walcott, Charley McKeever, Kid Lavigne, Danny Needham and others, and could have beaten any

man of his weight in the game had he not been hampered by Marquis of Queensberry rules.

Kid Carter was a tough man to take, too, a slashing hitter, who scored a flock of knockouts early in his career. He had an unfortunate habit of running into knockout wallops himself when going well; George Gardiner, first of the recognized light heavyweight champions, had the Kid's number, and stopped him a couple of times.

The Australian, Jack Root, who is now a wealthy promoter in Los Angeles, fought for six years without a defeat to mar his record. During 1900-01 he fought fourteen times, scoring eight knockouts. Then George Gardiner put the skids under him as he had under Kid Carter. Gardiner dropped him for the count in seventeen rounds, and later won a twenty-round decision which put the period at the end of Root's fighting career.

One of the great knockout stars of a double decade ago was Ed de Groote, a Frenchman, who K.O.'d thirty-two of his fifty-two opponents. He fought principally in France and the Southern states, never showing his nose north of Atlanta. After nailing eleven consecutive opponents with the punch soporific, De Groote ran into a fellow named Dummy Wall, who laid him out for the count. That just about finished the Frenchman's career.

GREAT FIGHTERS AND THEIR PERCENTAGES OF RING LOSSES

	K.O.	W	W-F	No. Dec.	D	L-F	L	K.O. by	Pc. of Losses
Peter Maher	38	6	4	8	5	0	1	10	15.3
Tom Sharkey	16	4	2	2	2	1	4	2	21.2
Gus Ruhlin	16	10	8	8	2	0	2	4	14.3
Joe Choynski	34	12	1	10	5	0	4	11	19.5
Sandy Ferguson	15	16	0	0	12	5	5	2	18.9
Kid McCoy	48	26	1	10	10	0	3	3	5.9
Sam Langford	59	40	2	31	12	0	16	0	10.
Joe Jeannette	44	18	2	35	8	0	8	0	6.9
Dan Creedon	25	10	1	0	4	2	10	4	28.6
Tommy West	22	11	2	2	6	1	6	1	13.1
Jack Bonner	24	14	2	14	11	2	6	2	13.3
Johnny Thompson	51	31	3	4	20	5	17	2	14.3
Charley McKeever	5	12	0	8	22	4	5	4	21.6
Billy Smith	14	10	2	10	25	6	6	5	21.8
Jack Root	28	16	4	2	2	0	1	3	7.1
Yg. Peter Jackson	32	32	4	11	22	2	11	2	12.9
Kid Carter	20	14	1	0	5	3	8	6	29.8
Billy Rhodes	31	16	2	4	15	3	8	0	14.
Edde Groote	32	10	0	0	6	2	1	1	7.7
Jimmy Gardiner	22	26	0	10	22	0	4	0	4.7
Packey McFarland	48	16	0	39	4	0	1	0	.9
Spike Sullivan	44	24	2	7	10	1	7	0	8.4
Dave Sullivan	20	11	2	3	11	3	5	1	16.1
George McFadden	23	27	1	9	18	0	6	1	8.2
Kid McPartland	26	41	1	11	8	3	8	4	14.9
Austin Rice	17	34	2	12	51	2	10	2	10.8
Tim Callahan	5	26	3	25	14	1	5	1	8.7
Martin Canole	14	14	1	1	5	0	2	2	10.
Kid Broad	10	10	2	6	16	1	17	3	29.9
Kid Goodman	28	34	1	4	43	4	16	0	15.4
Benny Yanger	23	24	0	3	17	0	9	2	12.8
Young Erne	10	20	1	136	6	0	6	0	3.4
Battling Hurley	12	11	0	26	1	0	0	1	1.9
Eddie Hanlon	11	6	1	5	7	0	4	2	16.5
Mickey Riley	14	12	0	0	23	1	10	0	18.3
Young Otto	46	10	2	23	2	1	1	4	6.7
Matty Baldwin	26	43	3	20	44	1	14	0	10.
Spider Welch	17	5	0	0	4	0	7	1	23.5
Joe Tipman	35	1	1	11	9	1	4	5	16.7
Hock Keys	23	10	0	3	1	0	1	2	7.5
Jack Cardiff	13	23	0	18	10	0	7	0	10.
Jack McClelland	26	34	1	0	24	0	7	2	9.5
Martin Duffy	17	28	0	0	5	0	5	2	12.2
Jimmy Briggs	28	34	2	14	33	2	21	0	17.1
Willie Fitzgerald	35	16	1	51	19	5	3	4	9.
Billy Gardiner	26	29	1	0	16	0	6	2	10.
Tommy Feltz	18	41	2	16	19	2	10	2	12.7
Tommy Mowatt	20	14	1	6	12	1	12	3	17.9
Tommy O'Toole	10	6	0	61	1	0	1	0	1.25
Tommy Sullivan	28	31	2	5	16	1	3	1	5.74

NO one is likely to forget the light weight, Jimmy Gardiner, who fought so many brilliant battles with Mike Twin Sullivan and other stars. James was a clever lad, with speed to burn, and a pretty fair sort of punch.

There were lots of corking good lightweights, Eddie Hanlon, the little California Bulldog, who was so cruelly overmatched when yet a kid, but whose aggressiveness and unquenchable courage won him a high place; Mickey Riley, the tough Illinois slugger, who fought Battling Nelson half a dozen times, and never had much the worse of the struggle. Martin Duffy and Martin Canole, a pair of sluggers, who never backed up an inch, no matter how hot the going; Benny Yanger, the "Tipton Slasher," who beat Young Corbett, Joe Bernstein, Abe Attell, Kid Broad, Harry Forbes, George Dixon and Austin Rice—what a record that is!

Then we have Young Erne, one of the cleverest boxers that ever lived, who seldom fought outside his own bailiwick, Philadelphia, and scored many impressive victories there; Young Otto, whose punch was dynamite and certain death; Spider Joe Welch, that wonderful gamester, whose bloody battle with Battling Nelson is still remembered on the Coast—Oh, a host of them.

Battling Hurley, the Passaic terror, came of a later breed. He is still remembered around New York. He was a slugging fool. No one had ever knocked him off his feet until one night Leech Cross hung one on his chin, and stopped him in the first round. Willie Fitzgerald was a high favorite in Hurley's day, and somewhat before. This rugged Irishman never made excuses. He was willing to meet them all.

The New England stars of that period were rough Matty Baldwin and clever Jimmy Briggs. They both lasted a long time, and fought a lot of good men, but neither came within actual reaching distance of a championship. Kid Goodman was another hard-boiled old trial horse of the lightweight division.

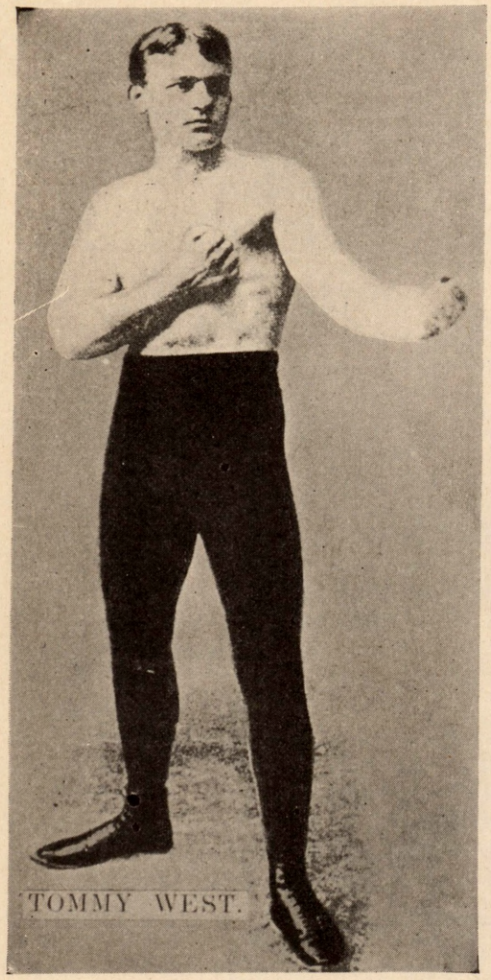
GOING back a bit further, the names of "Elbow" McFadden, Kid McPartland, Dave and Spike Sullivan, Tim Callahan, Kid Broad, Joe Tipman, Jack Cardiff and Jack McClelland are easily recalled.

Broad is remembered best for the terrible collection of features that he boasted; he and "Bull" Montana being acclaimed the ugliest men in the world. The Kid could fight, however, and battled some of the best men of his weight in the country.

"Kid" McPartland, now a referee in New York State, fought for more than a dozen years against such fellows as Kid Lavigne, Owen Ziegler, Matthews, Joe Walcott, Joe Gans, Elbows McFadden and other aces. He beat Joe Gans in 1899, but three years later the Old Master practically ended his career by knocking him out in five rounds at Fort Erie.

McFadden's career stretched out for

almost fifteen years. He was a splendid defensive boxer, and he fought Joe Gans more frequently than anyone else. The record books show that he knocked Gans out in twenty-three rounds in 1899, and lost two twenty-five round decisions to him in the same year. In 1900 they met in a six-round no-decision affair in Philadelphia, and



Tommy West

fought a 10-round draw in Denver. The following season was an off-year, but there was another no-decision tiff, and a three-round loss in 'Frisco in 1901 to McFadden's credit. However, ninety-eight rounds of boxing with such a wonder as Gans is something to brag of.

SPIKE SULLIVAN, from Knockmanoffe, Ireland—what an appropriate birthplace for a fighter!—was a holy terror in action. He knocked out Billy Joh, now a time-keeper in New York, Dal Hawkins, Otto Sieloff, and fought men of the calibre of McPartland, McFadden, Gans, Joe Bernstein and others. Spike staged an invasion of England, and won a lot of bouts, but it was a heart-breaker for him that he should twice lose decisions to the English title-holder, Jabez White.

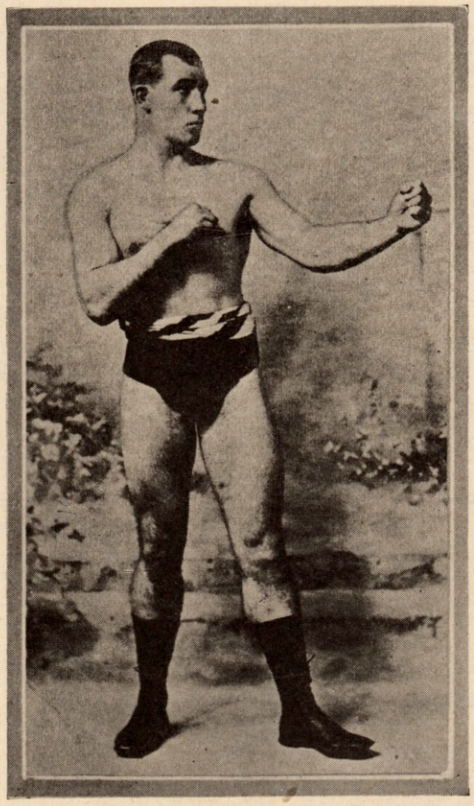
Little Dave Sullivan met some of the most brilliant duelists in the ring history of that period, but he could not get by Pedlar Palmer, Kid Broad and Oscar Gardner. Try as he would—and he fought them frequently — Dave couldn't trim these fellows.

The statistics in this table are rather interesting.

We find that Sam Langford scored the greatest number of knockouts, 59, with "Cyclone" Johnny Thompson, who had 51, Kid McCoy and Packey McFarland 48, Young Otto 46, and Spike Sullivan 44 following in that order.

Matty Baldwin won 43 decisions, Kid McPartland and Tommy Feltz 41 and Sam Langford 40.

Gus Ruhlin won eight bouts on fouls, and Peter Maher, Jack Root and Young Peter Jackson were each awarded four.



Tom Sharkey

Young Erne fought 136 no-decision bouts, Tommy O'Toole 61 and Willie Fitzgerald 51.

Austin Rice engaged in 51 drawn verdicts, Matty Baldwin, 44, Kid Goodman 43, and Jimmy Briggs 33.

Mysterious Billy Smith lost six matches on fouls, and Sandy Ferguson, Johnny Thompson and Willie Fitzgerald each were disqualified five times.

Jimmy Briggs lost 21 decisions, Johnny Thompson and Kid Broad 17 each, Sam Langford and Kid Goodman 16.

Joe Choynski was knocked out eleven times, Peter Maher ten, Kid Carter six, and Joe Tipman and Billy Smith five times each.

BARE KNUCKLE FIGHT HELD IN SECRET

(*Continued from page* 14)

LIKE a marionette when the string has been cut, White sags to his knees. "Stand back!" yells the referee. "Stand right back!" The roar of the crowd dwindles to an excited murmur. "One — two—three—four," chants the referee. At the seventh count White sways to his feet with the look in his eyes of a man who has taken a far journey and seen many strange sights. Where he finds the strength to grapple with the knobbly realities waiting for him is a thing to wonder at.

But he finds both strength and skill. Try as he will Black cannot beat down that iron guard. Time after time he lashes out mightily, only to find his blows hitting nothing more tangible than air. All the time White keeps mockingly out of range of those deadly knuckles, and bides his time. At last he squares up to the attack. Wallop! A vicious swing scores a livid weal across Black's ribs. Smack! A fierce upper-cut lays his cheek open to the bone.

Back comes Black full of fight. His hair cascading down his brow and his bloody face make him look like a man of the Stone Age. For a second they circle round each other like tigers about to spring; then—smack, smack; smack, smack. Knuckles in flint bash against chins and chests of granite. Again White goes down before a smashing blow to the point. Again he staggers to his feet unbeaten.

IT seems impossible that human nature can endure such punishment. Surely this terrible smashing cannot go on? Flesh and blood cannot stand it. But it does go on! Half an hour merges into an hour, an hour into an hour and a quarter, and still craggy and invincible they pound away at each other.

At the end of an hour and a half it is clear that the end cannot be far away. Both men are "all in."

At last comes the finish. From somewhere or other White calls up the last remnants of his reserves. Up comes his fist — smack! — and Black goes down before a blow which, earlier in the fight, he would have shaken off like an angry terrier. ". . . . . eight, nine, ten," counts the referee.

But Black is dead to the world.

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE fight, if we may be permitted to call it such, which had the "Lion of the Pyrenees," Paolino, and the Canadian heavyweight, Soldier Jones, as the contestants which was staged at the Cirque de Paris, on February 9, drew the biggest attendance that ever witnessed an indoor fight in the historic arena. The complete house was sold out days previous to the battle. The fight on paper appeared to be a good one, but it turned out a terrible bloomer when Jones was sent through the ropes and out after two minutes and five seconds of the time in the first round had been reached.

General Descamps has been working his "Lion" pretty hard recently, and, with constant training for about four months, he appears to be going a bit stale. For the Jones fight he arrived in Paris from Spain, where he had fought two nights previously, on the morning of the fight, then the morning after the Paris fight he left for Berlin to meet Deiner, who is now the champion heavyweight of Germany.

The fight against the German was taken on at a few hours' notice, and when the "Lion" arrived in Berlin after twenty hours' traveling he just had time to get about eight hours' sleep before entering the ring. The best he could get in that fight, which was ten rounds, was a draw; still in the foreign countries the home talent generally gets a little the better of the decisions.

The much boomed fight between Harry Mason, the holder, and Ernie Rice, for the British lightweight championship, which recently was held at Albert Hall, London, ended in a very unsatisfactory way. In the third round Rice was cautioned for hitting low, when in the fifth round he again offended the referee disqualified him. Several good matches, international ones, have been arranged for by Promoter Dickson to take place in Paris during the next two months.

There are two good French middleweights in France, and they are Barth Molina and Pierre Gandon. They met as the running-up bout to the Paolino-Jones affair in a ten-round battle, which was a corker from start to finish.

Lucien Vinez, the European champion lightweight, returned to France well pleased with the way he was received in New York. He spoke very highly of the New York State Athletic Commission, and, in fact, about all those that he came in contact with. He is different from one other that returned from the States with a squeal that he did not get a fair show while over there; still he came back to Europe with his pockets overflowing with good American money.

Hans Herse, the German welterweight, is a fairly good boxer. He has had a couple of fights in Paris and won both of them, by slight margins. Herse, however, has one very bad fault, and that is going in towards his opponent with his head down and often unprotected. If he fought that way with some of the American battlers that know the boxing game, he would be sacrificing himself It is a bad habit for himself, but a good one for an opponent to take advantage of.

Jack Walker, who has for several years been fighting in Europe, mostly in France, has generally been dubbed a negro. Sometimes he has been called the "Canadian negro," then again the "American negro." Walker, who served in the United States navy for several years, informed me recently that there is not a drop of negro blood in his veins, and that he is an Italian. The dark-skinned one is going along very well now; he has shown vast improvement in his boxing during the past year. He is now attached to the General Descamps establishment.

Jefferson Dickson, the American boxing promoter, who practically controls the boxing activities of Paris, has been very successful since he took over the undertaking and every entertainment that he has run off has turned him in very fair profit. It is his intention to open up an extra arena where he will run off weekly try-outs. The boys that make good in these bouts will be given an opportunity of appearing at the Salle Wagram, the Cirque de Paris, or other arenas controlled by Promoter Dickson. This try-out idea will afford an opportunity to the boys that have been unable to break into the game a chance to do so in the future.

Charlie Ledoux, the former French champion bantamweight, entered back into the game, after a long lay off, by fighting a Spanish boy at Barcelona, Spain. The old champion trained at Descamps farm for four weeks for the fight, and he showed a splendid form and won a point victory in the twelve-round bout.

Eddie Eagan, the former American Olympic light heavyweight champion, and Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, is now on a trip around the world with a party of friends, which includes Lord Clydesdale, who himself is a fine boxer. Eddie wrote me from Kilimanjaro, Africa, that they are doing some shooting at lions in that vicinity. It is more exciting giving lions the count than fighting, Eddie thinks. When the party reaches the States it is the intention of Lord Clydesdale to take part in some of the American boxing tournaments, and Eagan will probably take another crack at the game himself.

According to the International Boxing Union, Devos, the Belgian, is now the champion middleweight of Europe, having gained the title by his defeat of the former holder, Frattini, of Italy, Devos, who is a very fair boxer, is managed by Lew Burston, of New York, and since Devos has had the title attached to his belt, Burston has had many offers for matches from England and Germany for the services of the Belgian.

Ernie Jarvis, the English flyweight, who was recently in America and has again returned, was very much pleased with the fine treatment accorded him there.

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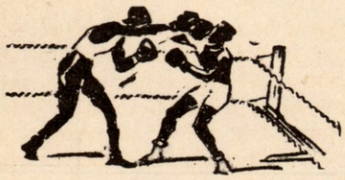

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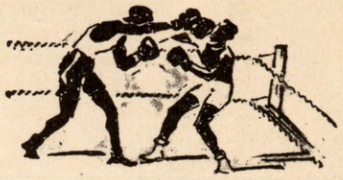


By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor

New Champion Crowned

THEODORE "TIGER" FLOWERS, a deacon in the Methodist Church, a simple-living, home loving, devout negro from Atlanta, Ga., is the newly crowned world's middleweight champion. Through his defeat of Harry Greb in a fifteen-round bout in Madison Square Garden on the night of February 26, the negro race, for the first time since the bare knuckle days, has one of its number wielding the sceptre among the middleweight boxers, and for the first time since the days of Jack Johnson, a negro now holds the title in any boxing class.

The Southern Tiger dethroned Harry Greb, hitherto considered unbeatable in the class over which he ruled, in a bout that proved most slovenly. It was not the Harry Greb of a few years ago that Flowers whipped, but a Cabaret King who went just once too often to the well after enjoying the night life of New York. No finer description of Greb's downfall was written by any of the fistic experts than that penned by our pal and co-worker, the veteran, George B. Underwood:

"It will go down in ring history that Greb was defeated by Tiger Flowers in Madison Square Garden, but like all historians, the boxing records offer only the mere skeleton of fact. Greb lost the world's middleweight championship not under the blaze of the incandescents that made the ring in Madison Square Garden stand out brighter than the desert sands at midday, but under the dim lights of the cabarets and night resorts of the White Light districts from New York to San Francisco. Harry Greb was beaten on the Broadways of the world. The candle that long has been burning on both ends, finally burned out."

* * * * *

Greb Penalized

THAT in short, tells the tale. Greb was not himself when he fought the Georgia Tiger. He lacked the stamina, the vigor, the snap and the skill he so often has displayed. He seemed leg weary less than two minutes after the fight had started. He appeared glassy-eyed and fatigued, thereby clearly displaying the effects the Bright Lights had upon his system.

That he lost the fight was no surprise to those who have followed his methods of training, but that he lasted the fifteen rounds under this tremendous handicap, proved a miracle. Flowers slipped into the championship not because he is Greb's superior or his equal, but because he caught the champion at a time when he was the victim of his own folly and unfit to defend his title successfully.

Flowers, fit as a fiddle, took advantage of every opening, and in addition fought a clean battle. In contrast to this, Greb employed the methods of fifty years ago, that of gouging, slashing, shoving, heeling and the use of many other of the tricks which Yankee Sullivan and his fellow fighters of the bare knuckle days employed. This in itself, was sufficient to cause the loss of the title to Greb, for were it not for his rough tactics, he would have gained at least a draw and possibly the victory.

Deacon Flowers is a credit to his race, his church and the ring. His victory was well received and convinced the lovers of boxing that the days of race hatred are gone so far as sport is concerned and that there need be no fear of race riots should Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills be matched.

FLOWERS started his boxing career back in 1918 when he was twenty-three years old. He was born on August 5, 1895, at Camilla, Georgia, and has engaged in about 120 battles. Ninety of these have been won on decisions and knockouts. He has been knocked out eleven times, twice by Jack Delaney, once in four rounds and once in two. It was after the second defeat at the hands of Delaney that the negro began to rehabilitate himself and by constant training and good living he worked his way to the top. He is now the champion and as such he receives the well wishes of the boxing community. Although he does not measure up to past standard bearers of his class—Dempsey, the Nonpareil, Bob Fitzsimmons, Stanley Ketchel or even Greb—unless Flowers fights Dave Shade, he is likely to reign for several years, for a fighter of his type, the slashing, slapping scrapper, is difficult to beat.

Greb, the former champion, reigned for nearly three years. He defeated Johnny Wilson in fifteen rounds at the Polo Grounds in the summer of 1923. He defended it successfully against all comers. His greatest feat was against Mickey Walker last summer, whom he trounced in fifteen heats. He was the Greb of old on that occasion. If Mickey had fought him last night the chances are the toy bulldog might have put him away.

Greb has been fighting nearly fifteen years. He has engaged in 259 bouts and was knocked out only once. His specialty was bowling over heavies. He gave Wilson two chances to retrieve his laurels, but the windmill held the upper hand in both contests.

It is estimated that Greb's ring earnings amount to $250,000. He has squandered most of his coin.

* * * * *

Descamps and Paolino

WE are shortly to have with us Francois Descamps, wily manager of Georges Carpentier, Paolino Uzcudum, the Spanish Wild Man, and other boxers. Descamps, one of the shrewdest managers in the history of boxing, intends to show the American public the prowess of the Man Eating Lion of The Pyrenees, and naturally, to collect thousands of good American dollars for this exhibition. The Ferocious Basque Woodchopper recently knocked out Soldier Jones, a fourth rate American, in the first round and then was held to a ten-round draw with Franz Diener, a third rate German heavyweight, yet he is being touted by Descamps' advance press agent, the handsome Carpentier, as a fighter who will astound the patrons of boxing here with his fighting ability.

Perhaps so, but we doubt that Descamps will find so many American suckers ready to fall for his lingo as fell when Carpeetier was matched with Jack Dempsey. Carpentier landed in New York just before the writer returned from his trip abroad and immediately started a Paolino ballyhoo. Georges, realizing that many Americans already had seen Paolino either in action or in training abroad, was not unduly extravagant in his praise of the Basque, for he knows, from past experience, that Americans are pretty good judges of fighters and will not swallow good press agent stories hook, line and sinker.

I saw Paolino abroad and to me he appeared as just an ordinary bruiser. He lacks science, is an easy mark for

any good left handed jabber, and does not rank with at least the first ten American heavyweights and light heavyweights. Any boxer who can land on his chin can put Paolino away. He is a picturesque, colorful fighter of the Luis Firpo type, possesses a terrific punch, but sacrifices all for the one chance of landing a haymaker. Fighters as he would be easy for Gene Tunney, Harry Wills and even the light-heavyweight champion, Paul Berlenbach.

It is my opinion that Paolino would pack the Garden or a place three times as large were he to make his debut here, but not because of his fighting ability—only because of the million dollars worth of publicity he has received and the color his presence would lend to a contest against an American.

* * * * *

Persson His Master

THERE is at least one fighter in Europe who is Paolino's master and would undoubtedly score a knockout over the Basque Woodchopper—Harry Persson of Sweden—but the wily Descamps knows better than to match the Spaniard with the Swede. When in Germany, I learned that Descamps turned down a guarantee of $20,000 in American money for a fight with Persson with the remark that he could make twice as much for Paolino's first fight in America, hence why take any chances with 'tough babies' in Europe.

Ever since Descamps became the manager of Paolino he has picked nothing but setups for him. Not a man who stood a ghost of a chance against Paolino has been given a battle. While in France I was present when the articles for a fight between Soldier Jones and Paolino were signed. Descamps knew he had easy prey and quickly accepted Promoter Dickson's offer. Yet three days after the agreement was made, George Cook, the Australian who twice beat Paolino, arrived in France to take over the training of Jones and immediately Paolino made a howl. He rushed back to Paris from Nice, called Dickson into a conference, and demanded that Cook be prevented from coaching or training Jones as Cook apparently knew Paolino's weak spots.

Dickson protested that he could not interfere and Descamps replied that he would call the bout off, hence Cook ceased to train Jones. Furthermore it was common gossip in French sporting circles that Soldier Jones had just been pronounced cured from an operation and that he would be unfit to meet the stalwart Paolino. But that was the type of fighter Descamps wanted as an opponent because he figured a quick knockout would enable him to gain additional prestige for Paolino and would bring the Spaniard and himself a fortune upon his arrival in the United States. Unfortunately, however, Descamps failed to figure on Diener, who put a crimp into his plans.

Sparrow Robertson, one of the greatest authorities on sports in the world, was one of those who, in the presence of the writer, laid odds of 2 to 1 that Soldier Jones would not last two rounds, and Sparrow won his bet. In a preliminary to the Carpentier-Dempsey fight, Soldier Jones was knocked out in seven rounds by Gene Tunney, who then was only a raw novice.

My observation is that the wily Descamps will steer the Basque clear of the sturdy oaks of the heavyweight and light heavyweight division with the aim of finally getting a crack at one of the "Big 'Uns" by mowing down the smaller fry or set ups here and then collecting the big loser's end of a $500,000 or greater purse for an outdoor fight here.

From a showman's point of view, we again inform our readers that Paolino will do. From a box-office point of view he is worth at least $500,000, but from a critic's point of view, he is little more than a fourth-rater as a fighter at present, though he may, under Descamps' training, improve.

The American boxing fans love to see those big, husky, ferocious lion-eating foreign heavyweights and will pay heavily and willingly to see Paolino here.

Nevada and the Next Champion

OUT in Nevada, where boxing has been revived after a lapse of many years, there is a likelihood that in the near future a heavyweight may be unearthed who may make that state as famous now as it was when Jack Johnson fought Jim Jeffries. Through the aid of the American Legion, bouts are being staged bi-monthly, and the Legion is enlisting the services of husky, brawny-shouldered miners to show their mettle. To date, according to reports, many miners have gone in for the three and four-round route, with the result that the American Legion has decided to adopt the plan Tex O'Rourke failed in over in England —that of staging eliminations among the huskies until one or more miners are found who show themselves to be bright heavyweight prospects. Should any be located, the Legion will obtain an instructor to develop the prospects, with the idea of building a future opponent for the heavyweight champion.

The plan is a commendable one. There is no place in the world where finer specimens of physical manhood can be obtained than from a mining district. If there are any future Dempseys in America, the mining district of western Nevada, more so than most other localities in this country, is likely to harbor them.

Who knows but what the next World's Heavyweight Champion will hail from the mines of that state and that the American Legion, always eager to see Jack Dempsey dethroned, will be the discoverer of this future great.

* * * * *

Rough Going for Rosenberg

THE Western invasion of Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, the bantamweight champion, was far from a howling success. First the New Yorker took a beating from "California Joe" Lynch, who is hardly of championship calibre. Then Rosenberg lost to "Doc" Snell on a foul—and saw his end of the purse held up.

Rosenberg went to the Pacific Coast to increase both his prestige and his bankroll and will return to New York with his treasury no fatter and his prestige decidedly slimmer.

Rosenberg would have done better had he remained at home and met the best in the East—and the best that could be imported into the East. But his case was a complicated one. It is hoped that he has seen the light.

Eastern boxers haven't been doing so well on the Coast of late. Mike Ballerino went to the country beyond the Sierras and not only got a beating but was knocked out and lost his title to Tod Morgan.

Horace Greeley was correct enough in his day but for the boxers of 1926 his advice to "Go West, young man," looks like dangerous propaganda in favor of the mitt wielders of the Coast.

* * * * *

Great Tribute to Farley

RECENTLY more than one thousand persons, among them Mayor Walker of New York, gathered in New York at a dinner to honor James A. Farley, the head of the New York State Boxing Commission. Some fine words were said about Jim, but nothing which was spilled in the after dinner chatter approached doing full justice to the Nyack nabob.

Farley has been reappointed to the Boxing Board and was re-elected Chairman. He well deserves this honor for he is a hard and energetic worker. Bill Muldoon, the Grand Old Man of the boxing game, also has been honored with a re-appointment by Governor Al Smith of New York and has accepted. Boxing should be thankful for being able to have such men as Muldoon, Farley and Brower in charge of the sport in New York State.

Their presence on the commission has been productive of tremendous good for the sport, not alone in New York but all over the country.

When British Royalty Gave Its Seal of Approval to Boxing

By BILLY AMES

THE growth of modern boxing from its hole and corner existence of forty years ago to its present proud position of a sport, national in character, is a story of the triumph of dogged persistence in the face of determined opposition from those who have completely misunderstood the teachings and morals of the sport. Even today boxing does not enjoy a legal status in Britain, but it has been established as the sport which most truly reflects on British national character, and what little opposition remained to its growth, promotion and encouragement was effectively silenced on March 18, 1921, when the seal of royal approval was set upon the sport by their Majesties, King George and Queen Mary, and H. R. H. Princess Mary, who sat by a ring-side and keenly watched an exhibition of the art as demonstrated by that great French champion, Georges Carpentier.

The story of that most important episode in boxing's literary has never been written, for the occasion was a private function in which no members of the Press were admitted, but I have been advised that a publication of the details cannot possibly give any offense, and can only operate in the manner that would prove beneficial to the sport, so as one who played a leading part in the organization of the event, I hope that my account of the proceedings may prove of interest.

EARLY in the month of February, 1921, while completing the arrangements for Georges Carpentier to tour the Midlands and North of England in a series of exhibition bouts, I chanced to learn that the Earl of Derby was to entertain their majesties the King and Queen, the French Premier, M. Briand, and a very distinguished house party at Knowsley Hall, Liverpool, on the occasion of the Grand National Steeplechase, March 18, and it struck me as a singularly happy thought that I should offer the services of Carpentier as a small contribution to the entertainment of the Royal guests.

Accordingly, I wrote to Lord Derby and a few days later a communication reached me to the effect that his lordship had submitted my offer to the King, and that His Majesty had graciously expressed the pleasure it would give him to watch an exhibition of the French champion's prowess. I at once notified Carpentier and his manager, Francois Descamps, and naturally we were all highly delighted at thus being the selected mediums, through which the sport would receive such signal honor as Royal recognition.

IN early March our tour of the north commenced and while I traveled with Carpentier, showing him in a different town each night, my partner, Norman Hurst, went over to Knowsley to superintend preparations for the show, and presently, I'll tell you how we built the strongest ring on earth. A day before the Royal show we were due at the Midland town of Leicester, and upon our arrival there I found a telegram awaiting me from Lord Derby's Comptroller as follows:

"Have placed car at your disposal for day. Come races if possible. Please wire arrival."

Carpentier had never seen any English racing, and when he read the invitation he was all eagerness to accept, so we arranged an early start from Leicester the following morning, and wired Liverpool accordingly. Incidentally this early start landed us into a most embarrassing position, the story of which I think is well worth the telling. We arose at six and on account of the early hour nobody except the always correct and immaculate Georges bothered to make an elaborate toilet.

Descamps missed a badly-needed shave, so did I, and moreover my hair, which is of the wiry variety that needs careful coaxing with a bucket of grease before it will become amenable to reason, had not received its usual treatment, and in order to keep it within bounds, I had jammed upon my head a huge cap that would certainly have done credit to "Bill Sykes" himself. But we did not worry about our "hard case" appearance, a shave, wash and general clean-up at Liverpool was the arranged program.

AS it so happened, our train slid into Liverpool only a few minutes before the first race was due, and being anxious not to miss any of the racing, our plans for personal adornment were temporarily postponed, and staying only long enough to snatch a bite of food away we went to the race course. In fairness to ourselves, I should mention that we had only anticipated watching the racing from the back of one of the stands, not one of us had the faintest glimmering of what actually was to happen.

Arriving at the course, our chauffeur drove us into the private section where Lord Derby's cars were parked, and here we were asked to wait a minute as the Earl wished to be informed of our arrival. In a few moments that grand sportsman came bustling along, and after shaking hands all round, he said, "Well, come along, follow me!" We thought that the Earl was going to tuck us away into a quiet corner from where we should get an especially good view of the races, and we followed quite happily, although once or twice I caught Descamps doubtfully rubbing his rough blue chin, and I must confess that I felt very uneasy about those ends of barbed-wire hair that were sticking out from beneath the edges of my voluminous draft-board cap.

Lord Derby took us through a little door and up a short flight of steps which brought us to another door; this he opened without any ceremony, and you can imagine our feelings when without a word of warning we were ushered into the presence of Their Majesties and H. R. H. Princess Mary. I am not going to pretend to tell you the feelings of my companions, but speaking for myself, as we whipped off our hats and my rebellious crop of hair began to stand on end, as it has always done unless it has been grease-treated. I felt so horribly self-conscious of my forlorn and even disreputable appearance that I really and truly wished that the floor would open and swallow me.

I PROBABLY felt ten times worse than I actually looked—I was miserable enough in all conscience. Comparing notes afterwards, we must all have experienced the same sensation, perhaps a little worse in the case of Norman Hurst, who had hurried to the station to meet us from Knowesley where half an hour previously he had been putting the finishing touches on the ring, which is a dusty job under the most favorable conditions, and he had not stopped to change an exceedingly well-worn suit, but had rushed

away to the station plentifully plastered with the marks of honest toil.

However, with that magic charm possessed to such a marked degree by our Royal Family, a very few moments sufficed to put us entirely at our ease, and we stood by and listened to Carpentier, the boxer, chatting freely to Their Majesties about the prospects of his forthcoming match with Jack Dempsey. In that moment boxing received its social recognition.

Later, we were really surprised to learn that Their Majesties possessed a thorough knowledge of all the terms and conditions of that particular match; the King especially remarked upon the advantage of height and weight that rested with Dempsey, and asked Carpentier if

Queen Mary of England.

he would not be greatly handicapped. This and several other clear concise questions proved that His Majesty knew a lot more about boxing than we had expected, and many of the technical points he raised were well up to an expert's standard.

A few moment's later we were honored by the King's Invitation to watch the race from the Royal Box, and from that exclusive vantage point we watched Shaun Spadah chased home by The Bore in the Grand National of 1921.

From the races we drove to our hotel to get those much needed shaves, food, and a change of clothes, then back we went to Knowesley, where Carpentier was due to box before dinner—at seven to be exact. On the way Norman Hurst told me of the ring he had built. He had not been able to erect the usual skeleton under-structure, so he had laid flat layers of planks cross-wise to a depth of three feet, 20 feet square, with the posts braced with pulley blocks in each corner, so Georges boxed on a solid mass of timber, weighing some seven or eight tons easily, which I should think made it the strongest and heaviest ring ever built . . . but it answered the purpose admirably.

The ring was erected in one of the out-houses at Knowesley, and chairs to accommodate some 70 guests were placed around it; further, by the expressed wish and invitation of the King, a large proportion of the house servants were also present. Prior to this show Georges had frequently referred to his great anxiety to put up the best possible exhibition, and while dressing he continually impressed upon his sparring partner, the Belgian, Jules Lenaers, how essential it was that he should stand up to his work and fight. "We must make a wonderful show," said Georges, "so go as hard as ever you can and leave the rest to me."

EXACTLY at seven there came a knock at the dressing-room door, and what is, I expect, the usual instruction to those appearing before the King, "His Majesty commands your presence," and along we went, none of us feeling any too sure of ourselves, but hoping for the best.

We had rather anticipated making an entrance into a cold, strictly formal atmosphere, but once again we were mistaken, for the appearance of Carpentier, who led the way, was the signal for spontaneous, warm-hearted outburst of applause, which was led by His Majesty, and our hearts lifted gaily to the pleasant duty which lay before us.

Our little party consisted of five persons only: Descamps, who attended Carpentier; Hurst, who seconded Lenaers; and myself acting in the dual capacity of master of ceremonies and time-keeper. The display given was four rounds, the first two being exhibition sessions with 12-ounce gloves, the last two, a reconstruction of the third and fourth round of Carpentier's championship bout with Battling Levinsky, and I'll say without fear of contradiction that this reconstruction is the finest thing that has ever been done in the way of exhibition work.

Amid a buzz of jovial conversation, the boxers climbed into the ring, and while the big gloves were being adjusted I commenced the explanatory announcement of just what the performance was going to be. That Their Majesties were greatly interested was evident by the close manner in which they followed my words, and when I left the ring everything was in readiness.

RIGHT away from the start Georges made matters tremendously lively, for he tore from his seat and hit poor old Lenaers with every punch that has ever been known to boxing, this first round was a veritable whirlwind o fspeetY! was a veritable whirlwind of speedy action, and it closed to a prolonged burst of applause. Illustrating the happy and informal spirit of the proceedings was the act of one of the distinguished guests who stood up between the rests and called across the ring, "I say, Freddy, what about sending in an application for this job as sparring partner?" I don'tknow who "Freddy" was, but the King sat back in

King George of England.

his chair and roared with laughter at the sally.

Another exhibition round fast and furious, and then we changed the "fellows" for the six-ounce gloves used in the reconstruction. In the third round of Carpentier's bout with Levinsky, the Frenchman, put his man down for two very long counts, then another lengthy count in the fourth round preceded the knockout which was accomplished with a long straight right to the chin, and with Lenaers cleverly playing the part of Levinsky, this part was invariably reproduced with a realism that was startling.

At the signal for the third round, Georges came out in a very different style to which he had shown in the two

(*Continued on page* 26)

Dominick Petrone, a Champion in the Making

] Raised in the Hotbed of Flying Fists, Young Italian S eeks to Emulate the Famous Casper Leon

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

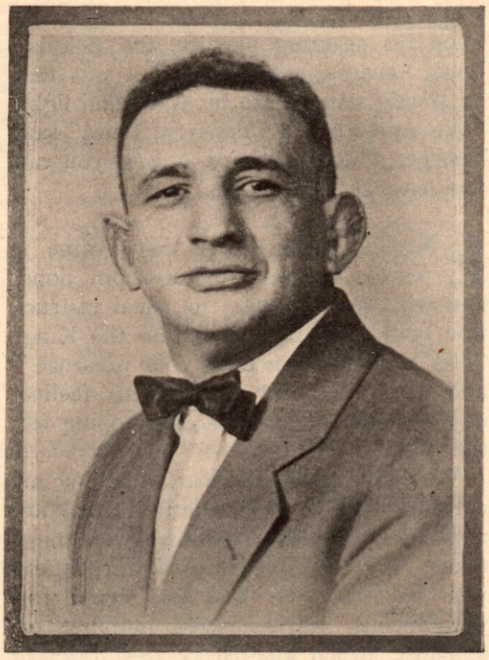
THIRTY-ONE and a half years ago—September 15, 1894, to be exact—a tall, scrawny Italian lad named Casper Leon fought Jimmy Barry for the world bantamweight championship. It took the little punching fool Barry twenty of the hardest rounds he ever fought to lay low the challenger. The battle which made fistic history was staged at Lamont, Illinois. Many of Casper's friends in New York who couldn't make the long trip hung around the newspaper offices to learn the result. They went broke when their idol fell before the flying fists of the Chicagoan.

Leon was born and raised in the then sparsely populated Harlem, in New York City. It was known as "Goatsville" because of the wide open spaces. Little did Leon and his horde of friends dream that in another twenty years the vacant lots would bring fortunes. Leon didn't have the foresight to invest his ring earnings in real estate. Today he is, or was, racking up balls in a poolroom to make both ends meet. But that is neither here nor there.

Casper was the best 105-pounder on Manhattan Island. One hundred and five pounds was the bantam limit in those days. Leon carried dynamite in both hands, but his main forte consisted in feinting an opponent into knots; they say he was as fast as greased lightning.

Over that long stretch of time only one youngster of Italian parentage has come to the front and exhibited qualifications to allow him to jump into the shoes made vacant by his famous countryman. In other words, the first bantamweight contender developed among the many sons of Italy who first saw the light of day within a stone's throw of Leon's home in what is now known as Little Italy, situated below 125th Street on the lower East Side, is Dominick Petrone. In his last five fights he has thrilled the fans by turning in decisive victories over such good rivals for a shot at the championship as Abe Goldstein, Al Brown, California Joe Lynch, Pete Zivic and Sammy Shack.

ALEX BEINSATTO, Petrone's godfather, a Harlem sportsman, is willing to guarantee Charley (Phil) Rosenberg a small fortune to have him stake his crown against the boy he carried in his arms to church twenty-one years ago and had him christened in the Catholic faith.



HARRY COHEN
Manager of Petrone

"I will give Rosenberg $30,000 and his manager a substantial present if they will sign for a bout, fifteen rounds to a decision, with my boy Dominick," declared Signor Beinsatto, while we were interviewing the youngster.

Harry Cohen, who fought under the non de plume of Young Kid Griffo when a fighter had to be a good one to get by—Cohen fought Joe Gans, Terry McGovern, Joe Bernstein and a raft of other tough lightweights—is guiding the destinies of little Petrone. Thus far he has performed miracles. He has taken him along by easy stages until now Petrone's services are in demand all over the country.

Petrone is one of four brothers. He was born in a tenement at No. 337 East 112th Street, where he still resides with his mother and father. Danny Petrone, a year or two younger than Dominick, is another scrapper in the family. He is a flyweight. Brothers Jimmy and Joe are embarking on business careers.

Dominick was practically raised in the hotbed of flying fists. Any kid who can't defend himself, or takes back water (meaning he has a yellow streak up his back), is not tolerated in Little Italy. Petrone had to fight his way through an avalanche of blows to reach the dizzy heights of the more polished modern art. He comes from the same neighborhood that has given Father Knickerbocker such two-fisted fighters as Tony Vaccarelli, Joe Saviola, Nick Quagarelli, Lew Hurley, Johnny Liano and Johnny Filucci.

Petrone earned the sobriquet of "champion street fighter," because he was fearless in battles fought with bare hands. He learned the first rudiments of fighting in a score or more of street encounters with Nick Jaccoy. According to Beinsatto, "they were pips," meaning that neither boy gave an inch and fought until their hands dropped from exhaustion.

IT was not until a little over two years ago that Dominick was persuaded to try his skill in the amateur ranks. His father prevailed on him to continue at school, but Dominick was just as insistent that he carve a pugilistic career. Unlike many fathers the elder Petrone gave him his way. He joined St. Lucy's Club, and no sooner was he entered on the memgership rolls than they entered him in some of the big tournaments. He scaled 112 pounds.

Petrone competed in thirty bouts and lost only three. He was crowned national flyweight titleholder by virtue of a clean-cut victory scored over Sam Fuller, of Boston, in the old Madison Square Garden ring. When he arrived home with his prize, his mother asked him what it was all about.

"I just won a championship," was the youngster's reply.

"Championship of what?" she was anxious to learn.

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"I'm a fighter," Petrone clarioned.

She did not understand. His father explained as best he could what their son was doing.

"If it's your wish to be a fighter," Mrs. Petrone said, "I want you to be a good fighter."

Among the best-known boys he defeated in the amateurs were Al Bender, Archie Bell, twice; Fuller, Allie Miller, Al Liebowitz, Johnny Burns and Al Irving. He lost to Johnny Breslin and Harry Getzel.

Petrone entered the professional ranks in 1924. He celebrated his debut on big time by knocking out Abe Greenfield in three rounds at the Uptown Lenox arena. He has fought a majority of his battles at the 107th Street sluggery. His next opponent was Al Fuagara whom he whipped in six heats. Mike Satnick held him to a draw, and after he beat Joe Melito, Mickey Lewis, Harry Herron and Harry Nulls.

Last year Dominick began to show flashes of championship form. Archie Bell held him even in six rounds. Henny Catena and Jack Rafferty bowed before his fistic prowess. He lost to Al Brown, but he turned the tables on the negro flash a few weeks ago. He whipped Jackie Doyle, Lou Blum and Copper Pense, and sprung a surprise by flattening Tommy Devine in five stanzas. He beat Kenneth Shuck, drew with Tommy Jones and got the "duke" over Jack Pettibone. In his first fights over a distance he was held even by Sammy Shack and Pete Zivic. In another bout with Shack he was returned victorious.

MANAGER COHEN decided to put the youngster to the acid test beginning the new year. So the first one he got for him was the experienced, hard-hitting Abe Goldstein, former king of the bantam roost. Goldie thought he had a setup before him. He floored Petrone in the very first round with a terrific right-hand blow on the chin. Dominick shook his head, got up and chased after the surprised Abie. Again in the eleventh Goldstein knocked the youngster down with another right. But that didn't make the kid stop. He made the customers stand up in their chairs and howl with delight as they saw him rip and tear after Goldstein.

AFTER the Goldstein victory, Petrone begged Cohen to get him Brown.

"There's one guy I want to get even with," declared Petrone. Sure enough the youngster received the decision over the lanky negro. Then they got him California Joe Lynch, who had just fought ten hectic rounds with Bushey Graham. Petrone all but threw the waterbucket at the Californian.

Petrone has more than an even chance of whipping Champion Rosenberg. He has the heart of a lion, the strength of a tiger and is a real soldier under fire. He can hit hard with either hand. He likes to sample a few punches before driving in one of his. He keeps going every second he is in there. In a nutshell, he gives the customers a run for their money.

Watch the kid's smoke from now on. He sure looks like a champion in the making.

Petrone gives some credit for his rapid rise to his two trainers, Johnny Bush and Willie Martin.

Like Tiger Flowers, Benny Leonard and Jack Dempsey, Petrone is a clean liver. He has read, but never heard, of the lobster palaces.

On March 30, 1895, Casper Leon held Champion Barry to a draw in fourteen rounds at Chicago. Three years later they fought again in this city. At the end of twenty terrific rounds they called it a draw.

Petrone is going to pay his countryman a visit some day and listen in on some fight tales of another era.

"I want to meet Mr. Leon," said the gentlemanly little Petrone, "and learn from his lips how he used to hold his own and beat some of the boys who outweighed him ten to twenty pounds. He sure must have been a great fighter."

Petrone is a handsome little fellow, soft spoken, and speaks good English.

The Late Battling Siki, the Senegalese

By John Kieran

New York American Sports Expert
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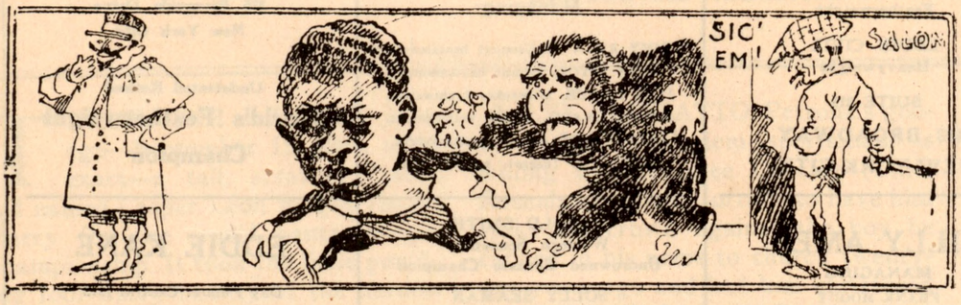
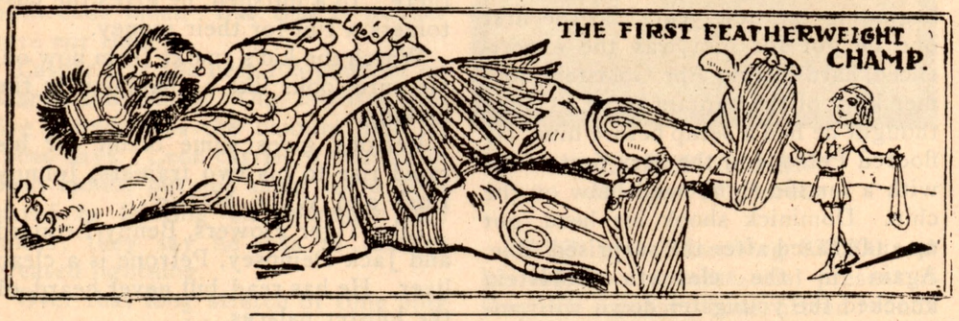


GREAT was the valor of David, who battled Goliath of Gath
And high was the courage of Hector, who braved the Achillean wrath.
But these were the mildest of children, to Siki the Senegalese
The singular socking "What-Is-It?" whose relatives dwell in the trees.

NAPOLEON gained fame as a fighter, and so did J. Caesar of Gaul,
But I've found that for real rough-and-tumble, they couldn't touch Siki at all.
A soldier will fight in the trenches; a sailor will scrap on the seas;
But here is a list of the squabbles of Siki the Senegalese:

HE lost to the gendarmes of Paris; McTigue rattled rights to his jaw;
A lion cub chewed on his forearm; a chimpanzee nibbled his paw;
At a rollicking fray in a barroom, he was carved with the greatest of ease;
The world's champion loser of battles, was Siki the Senegalese.



When Royalty Approved Boxing

(*Continued from page 23*)

previous exhibition rounds—he crouched and hooked Lenaers with tremendous power, the manner in which he lessened the sting in his blows at the moment of impact was really a work of art, and I am sure it would not have been obvious to anyone but an expert.

THE Belgian duly took his two long counts in the third session, and as in Georges's anxiety to make things look good, the work had been very heavy, he was rather rather glad that they were long counts—then came the fourth and last round—and nearly an accident!!!

Lenaers came up strongly—he was a tremendously tough fellow—but Georges climbed all over him, and after a very short spell of in-fighting a nasty left hook put Lenaers down for his scheduled count of nine. Carpentier, by this time, had fairly lost himself in his work, and as soon as Lenaers arose, Georges sailed into him to administer the closure as per program, two straight stabbing lefts opened the road for that long smashing right, which has won Georges his every fight of importance.

As true as an arrow it sped along and down came Lenaers with a crash to the boards. Descamps was standing beside me, but I did not need his agitated clutch upon my arm to know that in his anxiety to make things realistic, Georges had almost overtopped the mark—Lenaers's eyes told me sufficient, they showed much white, and I commenced to tell off the longest ten seconds that were ever counted over a man.

Carpentier knew better than any of us that he had given Lenaers at least "half a good one" and in a manner quite foreign to his usual work he roamed about the ring near the outstretched Belgian, eagerly watching for a flicker of returning consciousness.

AT about eight of this longest-on-record count, poor old Lenaers gave a blink and an eel-like squirm—the Heavens be praised, we knew the situation was saved! I called the "Out" and Georges, like the great show-man he is, dived his hand beneath the Belgian's armpits and jerked him to his feet. "Voilá," they stood side by side in the ring, bowing to Royalty's generous applause of a most realistic show, but Georges kept his arm around Lenaers's waist tighter than a lover—it was very necessary!!!

A little attention in the corner soon put Jules into better shape and he lived his life's proudest moment when the King and Queen came to his corner and warmly shook his glove. Speaking in French, His Majesty said: "Lenaers, I congratulate you upon your wonderful display. I cannot judge your ability as a boxer, but your acting is simply splendid." Jules got well away with it there, but I have thought since that his performance is what the dramatic critics term "forced" acting!!!!! Her Majesty, too, was graciously enthusiastic in her praise and delighted us by describing the show as "thoroughly enjoyable," and if I may be allowed to say so, I would venture the opinion that our charming Princess Mary enjoyed the show as much, or possibly more, than anybody present. Her quick eyes followed every rapid movement of the boxers, and with her face alight with enthusiam, she repeatedly turned in her seat to comment upon any particularly clever piece of work.

Thus the show ended and with the words of Royal commendation in our ears, and the bluff hearty thanks of that great sportsman, Lord Derby, freely pressed upon us we retired to the dressing-room thoroughly satisfied that we had given a true presentation of the sport to the first sportsmen of Britain, and that not only had it been approved of, but thoroughly appreciated.

Boxing in Germany

By GUS SPRENGER

BOXING in Germany is taking a strong hold on the public, as was demonstrated by the big turnout for the recent fight between Franz Diener, ranked as third best heavyweight in the former domain of the Kaiser and Paolino, the Basque Woodchopper. The contest, for which Monsieur Descamps, manager of the Spanish fighter, carried back to France $5,000 in American money, drew a house of 15,000 at Herr Rotherburg's Kaiserdamm Autohallen—a capacity gathering.

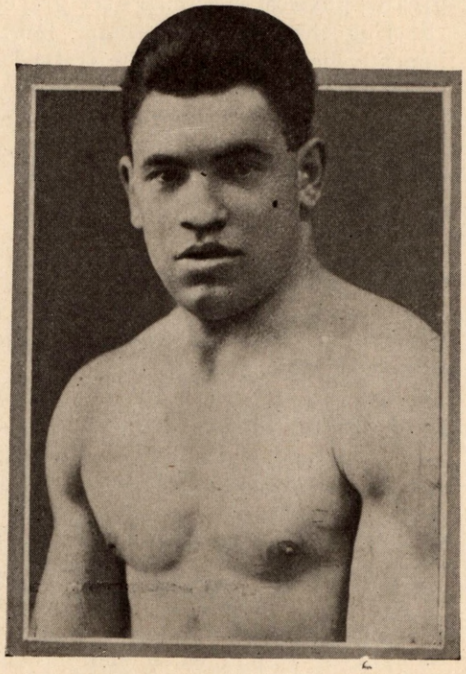
That Paolino failed to win was a big surprise. Many wagers were made that the Spanish gladiator, who substituted for Hans Breitenstratter against Diener, would score a knockout in five or less rounds, as Paolino previously had landed the haymaker on Brietenstratter, who is recognized here as the champion. The best Paolino could do against Diener, however, was to hold the German to a ten-round draw, and with that Paolino's stock took a tremendous tumble and Diener jumped to the top rung of the pugilistic ladder in Germany. There are many fistic experts here who now feel that Diener will whip Breitenstratter when they meet in the spring or summer.

* * *

Paolino proved himself to be a far overrated fighter. His shrewd manager, Francois Descamps, has been pitting him against none but setups for the past five months and refused to accept a bout here with Persson, the Swedish heavyweight, recognized throughout Europe as the best in his division. That Descamps accepted Diener was due only to the fact that he considered Franz an easy mark and figured on a one or two-round knockout.

Paolino's failure to score a knockout proved that he would be a mark for Gene Tunney, Harry Wills, George Godfrey, Jack Sharkey and several other American topnotchers. However, there is no denying that Paolino is a most picturesque character and fighter and that, like Firpo, he would pack Madison Square Garden or Boyle's Thirty Acres were he to go overseas and make his debut against one of the American leaders next summer.

THE Belgian middleweight champion, Rene de Vos, who visited the United States this fall, has been crowned the middleweight champion of Europe by the European Federation. He gained the title by beating Bruno Frattini, of Italy, former champion, winning the decision at the end of fifteen rounds. Several times de Vos had



Paolino, the Basque Woodchopper.

Frattini on the verge of a knockout, but the bell saved the Italian. De Vos had the better of twelve of the rounds.

* * *

De Vos has adopted the American style of boxing, the style the writer employed when he fought under the name of Duffy in the States. In Paris he beat one of Descamps' aces, Bert Molina, the French champion. Molina boxed a draw in Germany with Damgorgan, the German champion. De Vos told the writer that he expects shortly to pack his grip and again hie himself to America to go on the trail of Milligan for the European championship.

De Vos is recognized by the International Federation as the title holder but realizes that his claim to the honors is somewhat dimmed, as Milligan's crown was taken from him for his failure to defend his laurels. That is why De Vos is anxious to tackle Milligan.

* * *

HERMAN HERSE is the new welterweight champion of Germany. This hard-hitting battler, who received a high rating from the Publisher of THE RING when he was here last January, scored a knockout over Ernest Grimm in the seventh round. Nat Fleischer, who saw Herse in action here, declared that he was the finest looking prospect in the welterweight division in Europe, barring Jack Hood, of England.

* * *

Herse is a two-fisted fighter of the Battling Hurley type of a decade ago. He bores in and fights at a whirlwind clip. He can take severe punishment and can give considerable. Grimm is a far better boxer than Herse and would have won the decision on points up to the seventh round. He scored repeatedly with jabs, but his opponent kept after him and played for a knockout. Several times Grimm was floored and once was thrown through the ropes. Herse hasn't the faintest idea of what science means. He is simply a fighter.

* * *

Amateur boxing is at its height here. A few weeks ago the amateur championship tournaments of all the different states of Germany were decided; and then came the big event, the bout for the championship of the Republic. The Colonia Club of Koln won the team championship of Germany.

An international amateur boxing tourney was staged a few weeks ago between England and Denmark. The Germans are eager to arrange such a tournament and will seek to arrange an international meet with these two countries, France, Holland and the United States for next summer.

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Training and Exercises for Boxers and Other Athletes

Charles Harvey, World Famous Manager of Boxers and Former Announcer at America's Greatest Track Meets, Discusses Over-Exertion.

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

Seventh of a Series of Interviews with Leading Sportsmen.

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CHARLEY HARVEY, one of the greatest of the old school of fight promoters and managers, not only is a great student of boxing but can hold his own against the leading athletic experts in American when it comes to discussing conditioning of athletes and athletic performances. In the old days, before many of the present generation of athletic enthusiasts were able to walk, Charley, with his clarion voice, announced the winners in intercollegiate and club athletic competition and in the ring he introduced many of the world's most famous fistic impresarios. He saw all types of athletes in training and helped many of them get into trim for important events, primarily for big boxing matches.

A few weeks ago Charley, coming into the office of the writer to greet him upon his return from Europe, discussed James J. Corbett's article in THE RING on the methods he pursued in fitting himself for many of his most important battles.

"I like Jim, always was sweet on him as a boxer, and think him one of the greatest fighters the world ever had, but I don't think Corbett went about his training properly. Corbett, you know, as he remarked in his RING article, always liked to indulge in long training sessions. I often watched Jim start his work in the early morning and still be at it at dinner time.

"I believe a system such as Corbett used resulted in too much straining of the muscles and too much exertion of the entire body. Jim got so that he could keep going indefinitely at a dog trot, but when in his later battles he was called upon to engage in exceptionally violent exercise for three minutes against a stalwart opponent, he found his vitality had left. He had burnt up his surplus energy in the early days, especially while training for the Sullivan and Mitchell bouts. No greater physical specimen ever graced the ring than Gentleman Jim, but I honestly believe that had he trained a little differently, had he not exerted himself so much day after day in severe, punishing road work and other strenuous exercise, Jim would have retained his crown much longer.

"JUST now THE RING has started something worth while in its articles on training. It has started a widespread discussion which will lead to considerable good.

Only recently in Madison Square Garden a dispute was started on the proper method of training and several of the authorities quoted in THE RING were brought into the discussion. Some of those insisted that an athlete, regardless of what enterprise he may be engaged in, should get down "fine" for the event, while others thought he should waste neither superfluous flesh nor energy to enable him to carry himself through the crucial test.

Corbett always insisted on long training. He wanted long runs, long walks, long boxing bouts, long sparring periods, long periods for punching the bag—in fact, everything to the *n*th degree, even to wrestling matches. On the other hand, Bob Fitzsimmons used to take three minutes' exercise, the length of a boxing round, then walk or talk for one minute, the length of an intermission, then start all over again. That one-minute intermission, according to Bob, means absolute recuperation.

So you see, different men adopt different systems of training. What one trainer might prescribe for one pupil, would never do for a second pupil. Training depends wholly on one's physical make up, on the human system, on the ability of the human mechanism to absorb punishment and the test to which the human body must be subjected after the training is completed. Hence my opinion that there can be no definite rules laid down for the training of an athlete or boxer other than the standard rules relative to excessive smoking, proper dieting, proper amount of sleep and no over-exertion. The rest of the work depends on the make up of the individual.

Lon Myers, the once invincible and always unbeaten champion of the cinder path, a few years before his death, remarked:

"I always trained differently from other men. I didn't believe in the old system. I exercised my lungs. When I wasn't running the best exercise I could get was in singing, and I developed a baritone of which I was never ashamed. I didn't start out to get a voice, nor to become a singer, but I just did it to use every inch of lung that I had and make it good and

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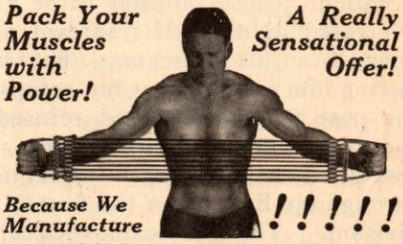

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strong, so that during a race it would take in the oxygen and supply the necessary fuel to make me win out.

"There were many complaints in the place where I then lived that I used to make the night hideous, and also the day, but I learned many pleasing melodies during these hours of training. There are several operatic roles that I know from start to finish, and I can do them at full speed and not make a break. Still I can charm many of my friends with ballads from 'Robin Hood' and the like, and they never dream how I came to learn them."

Lon Myers also announced that he was trained for all-round athletic events, and that never in his life had he tried to train off flesh.

"If you are playing a good active game you can get the flesh down to a normal point," was Lon's comment. "Only sluggishness makes a man grow fat. If he does that and gets beyond the limit you must necessarily lose strength in training weight off."

In discussing Fitzsimmons' method of training, Myers voiced the opinion that Bob's method was a correct one.

"It seems like the real thing," said Myers. "Why train for a six-day race instead of a three-minute go, a rest and a go again? I can see why Corbett, when he met Fitzsimmons and when he met Sharkey, had absolutely no vitality after a few rounds. He was a goner from the start. The work was on a different line from that for which he had trained, and he couldn't do it. It was simply a case of where, after one or two rounds of quick work, his vital force was expended, and the short one-minute rest didn't give him time enough to recuperate."

HARVEY, continuing his training reminiscences, remarked:

"Now to return to Corbett. In his article in THE RING he declares that during the time he was in Nevada, and before, when he was at Asbury Park preparing to meet Fitzsimmons, he would run behind the best horse that his people could get over the sandy road for a ten-mile stretch."

"'If that couldn't make me right,' says Corbett, "I don't see what possibly could. It made my lungs expand, and it got my legs good. I could go any distance without tiring, and at the end would feel as fresh as a daisy after a rub down.'

"Still, Mr. Corbett reluctantly admitted that he didn't feel good after a few rounds with only one minute's interval between and no chance for a rub down.

"Tom Sharkey, speaking of training once, said that he didn't think a whole lot of it. Said he:

"'I'm usually ready to fight and trained for it. Distance doesn't count. I'm always fit, and I always play to make the pace. Hard work hardens a man and I have had plenty of that to do. A man who has lived right cannot only get his wind back, but his strength. He's as good as when he started, or should be.

"'I never believed in getting a man too fine, if such a thing were possible, for I can see that a man who is up to his limit and has exercised to the edge of endurance, must necessarily go back. I never reached that point, for had I, I would have regarded myself as a has-been.'

"Many old collegians and athletes will agree with Sharkey that when the point comes that a man gets 'over the edge' and feels it, he might as well give up. There are hundreds of collegians who have played football, baseball, rowed and run all in the same year, and quit at the end of the season without even being overtrained or feeling the effects of it. Yet there isn't a bit of doubt that training for one big contest, as most men train, takes at least two years off his vitality."

Ollwette, Great Bag Puncher

By JOE HUMPHRIES

SEVERAL women proficient in punching the bag, toured the country a few years ago, but few ever attained the skill that did Belle Gordon, and the Famous Ollwette. These two excelled most of the greatest boxers in American history in bag punching. Belle Gordon claimed the title but she refused to meet Ollwette who by many experts was proclaimed the leader of 'em all.

The Famous Ollwette, in addition to being a marvelous bag puncher, is a great slack wire artist and still performs her twice daily on the vaudeville stage.

Ollwette has been connected with many famous athletic shows including those which toured the country under the direction of Bob Fitzsimmons, James J. Jeffries, Frank Gotch, George Hackenschmidt, and Sam McCracken's Big Show. Bob Fitzsimmons was always a big booster of Ollwette. He often declared she had no equal as a bag puncher. The above shows Ollwette as she appears on the stage.

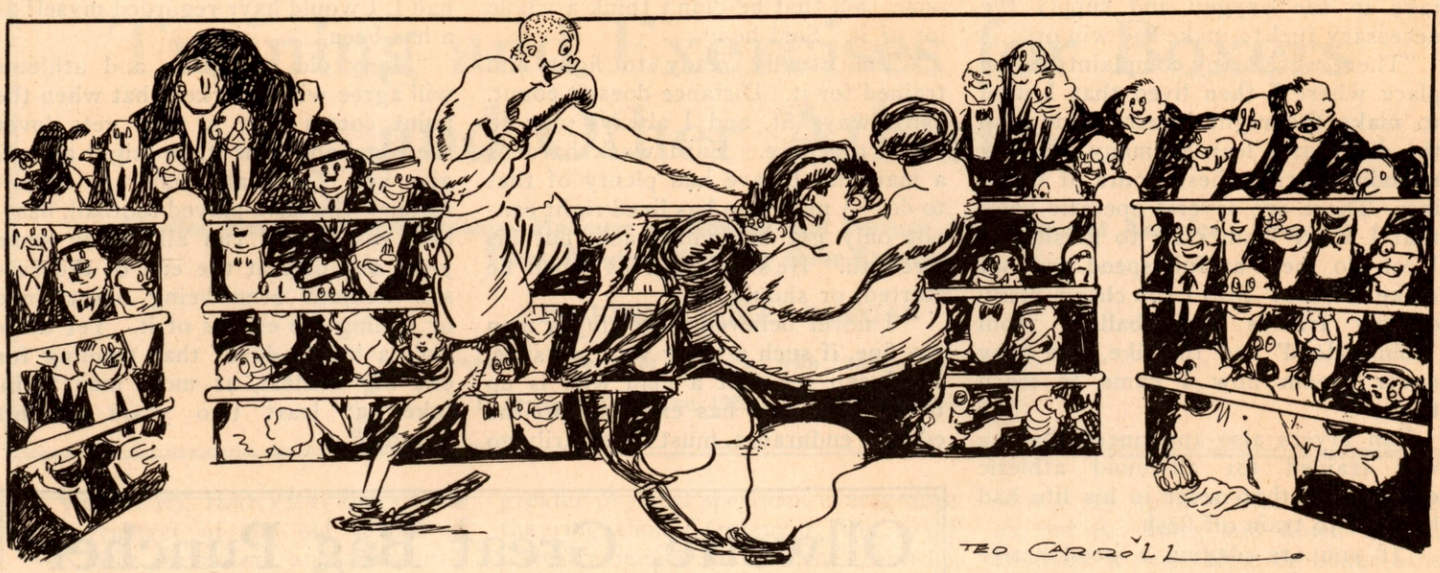
Joe Thomas, Great Fighter of Other Days, "Goes West"

JOE THOMAS, one of the greatest middleweights who ever clambered into a ring, took the final count recently in Boston following an operation for stomach trouble. He was thirty-nine.

Twenty years ago Joe was fighting in California rings and was a sensation. He came East in 1906 and met Tommy Sullivan, of Lawrence, in the first of a long string of Eastern battles and made a big hit.

Sullivan was beaten easily and the achievement resulted in a match for Joe with Henry Mellody. The event was at catchweights. The fight was a hummer.

Later Thomas fought Stanley Ketchel in the West a fierce thirty-two round battle. Ketchel was awarded the decision but Thomas always insisted he was robbed.



New York Fisticuffs

By LEFT JAB

GOTHAM NOTES

By LEFT JAB

TWO more exciting months in Gotham fisticuffs have passed into history. Local enthusiasts saw some great milling during February and March, and long will live in their memories the dethronement of Harry Greb as king of the middleweights by Tiger Flowers.

The last few months have witnessed some startling upsets. Here they are in rotation:

Joe Glick's victory over Honeyboy Finnegan.

Defeat and loss of the lightweight title by Jimmy Goodrich at the hands of the ancient Rocky Kansas.

Tommy Freeman celebrated his Eastern debut in the new Garden ring by knocking out the overworked Sergeant Sammy Baker.

Joe Dundee blasted Freeman's fond hopes by stopping him.

Carl Carter's one-round kayo over the heavyweight prospect Bud Gorman.

Knockouts of two crack Philadelphians, Eddie (Kid) Wagner and Danny Kramer, by Billy Petrolle and Kid Roy, respectively.

The passing of Harry Greb's championship to Tiger Flowers.

Georgie Levin's victory over the Scot Tommy Milligan, British champion.

And last, but not least, Ernie Jarvis' defeat by the obscure Mannie Wexler.

Money is flowing like water into the coffers of the new Madison Square Garden. Boxing has turned in $622,425 in thirteen shows from December 11, 1925, to March 1, 1926. Hockey and the two six-day races swelled the receipts.

The paid admissions for boxing were 175,686. That means a total attendance of about 200,000.

For thirteen shows in the new Garden the average receipts per show were $47,878.84, and the average paid attendance 13,514. The following table gives the facts in a nutshell:

Date.	Bout.	Attendance.	Receipts.
Dec. 11	Berlenbach-Dempsey	16,913	$148,155
Dec. 18	Kaplan-Herman	13,299	54,705
Dec. 23	McTigue-Flowers	13,087	49,376
Jan. 1	Shade-Todd	10,530	28,808
Jan. 8	Terris-Vinez	14,067	43,480
Jan. 15	Delaney-Fitzsimmons	11,688	42,383
Jan. 22	Zivic-Milligan	13,152	39,163
Jan. 29	Glick-Dundee	13,711	41,566
Feb. 5	Delaney-Risko	15,725	51,638
Feb. 12	Sharkey-Huffman	8,849	24,586
Feb. 19	Milligan-Zivic	13,215	44,300
Feb. 26	Greb-Flowers	16,237	95,063
Mar. 1	Loayza-McGraw	15,213	58,602
Totals		175,686	$622,425
Average		13,514	$47,878.84

How New York derived its revenue from boxing in 1925 is shown in the following table:

License fees and taxes paid to the State Treasurer from January 1 to December 31, 1925:

1,780 Boxers	$8,945.00
769 Seconds	3,845.00
47 Wrestlers	235.00
318 Managers	7,950.00
50 Judges	1,250.00
29 Clubs	18,500.00
21 Timekeepers	105.00
32 Referees	800.00
29 Matchmakers	725.00
23 Physicians	575.00
Interest and postage	80.05
	$43,010.05
Taxes from clubs	179,739.81
Total	$222,749.86

EXPENSES

Personal service	$43,888.04
Maintenance and operation	19,559.23
Total	$63,447.32
Excess receipts over expenses	$159,302.54

A total of 2,624 boxing bouts were held in New York in 1925, according to the Commission report, in which 5,248 boxers participated.

The greatest number of bouts took place in January, when 261 contests were waged. August, with 260 contests, was only one bout behind. April and September were the dull months. The report shows 155 encounters to have been fought in September and 196 in April.

In 1925, 1,789 boxers received licenses in New York State, 47 wrestlers, 318 managers, 769 seconds, 29 matchmakers, 29 clubs, 50 judges, 32 referees, 21 timekeepers and 23 physicians.

In 1924, 1,654 boxers received licenses, 52 wrestlers, 326 managers, 684 seconds, 32 clubs, 31 matchmakers, 35 judges, 23 referees, 21 timekeepers and 19 physicians..

Although there were 135 more boxers licensed in 1925 than in 1924, there were eight less managers licensed.

It is a strange coincidence that it was a year to the minute from the time Tiger Flowers was sunk into the resin dust in the old Garden ring by Jack Delaney to the night the negro deacon was crowned boss of the 160-pound division.

They are singing the praises of Vic Burrone in the Greenwich Village section. The bantamweight champion of the National Guard has performed mighty well on big time. Only a few weeks ago he held Tommy Milton to a ten-round draw at the Pioneer. Burrone was christened Burrano. He defeated Henny Catena twice in three battles for the National Guard laurels. His greatest feat, however, was his sensational victory over Frankie Fasano. He battered Fasano from pillar to post and at the end of the third round the referee humanely intervened.

Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg, who is in bad with the State Athletic Commission, trekked out to St. Louis March 3, where he successfully defended his bantam laurels against one George Butch. Phil (K. O.) Kaplan, Charlie's stablemate, outpointed Babe McCorgary, of Kansas, on the same card.

Willus Britt, formerly of Philadelphia, who was "imported" to New York by a kind friend only to be cast adrift, stole a march on local matchmakers by staging a bang-up show at the reopening of the new Manhattan three weeks ago. The few customers saw some real fighting. Most of the others are kicking themselves because they didn't make the trip. Young Bob Lawson whipped Bob Lawson in a bruising scrap. Paul Gulotta got the "duke" over Andy Tucker and Irving Shapiro was lucky to get the award over Vincent Sanchez. Britt is on his toes getting together some more attractive cards. The sawed-off Willus knows his business.

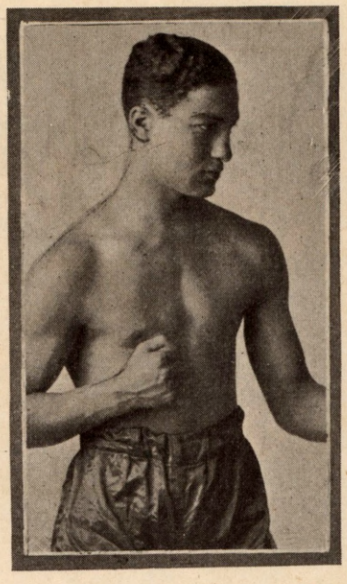
Veteran enthusiasts will regret to learn of the death of Billy Murray, California middleweight. He breathed his last recently at Tucson, Ariz. He was knocked into eternity by the dreaded tuberculosis. We recall Murray in his two sensational battles with Al McCoy at the old St. Nicholas Rink. He was managed by Perfumery Jack Kearns. In those days Kearns used to beg the New York scribes for space on Murray. After he got his load with Dempsey, the sweet-scented Kearns didn't give a rap if the scribes talked to him or not.

Eddie Anderson was kind enough to give Petie Mack a return bout, but came near being put on the shelf because of the Jerseyite's mode of fighting. They clashed in ten no-decision rounds before a large crowd at the Fourth Regiment Armory, Jersey City, recently.

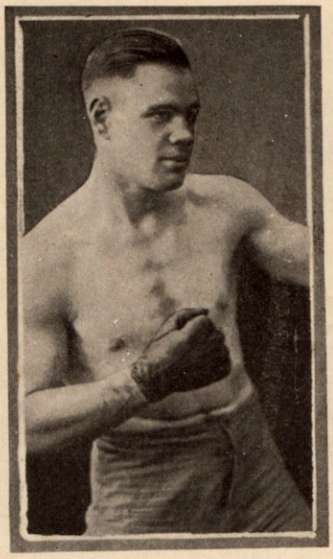
Anderson gave the Skeeter a boxing lesson and a beating to boot, taking seven rounds; two were even, and the remaining one belonged to Mack.

The Bronx Hospital Fund card of bouts staged on March 1 at the new Garden, was one of the greatest ever seen since the inception of the Walker Law. Fireworks were exploded in large quantities in each of the four ten-rounders. Carl Duane stirred the Bronx fans like they haven't been stirred since the days of the late Frankie Jerome, by whipping Joe Malone.

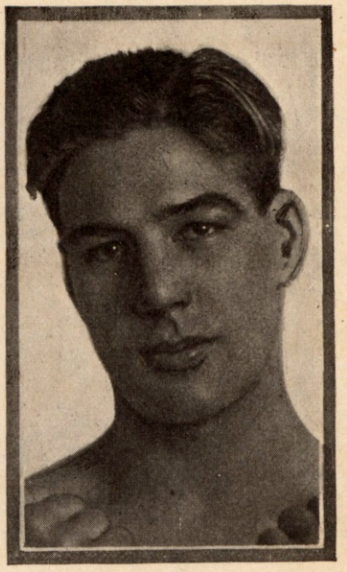
Leo Patterson, former lightweight champion of the A. E. F.



Nick Quagerelli, crack New York featherweight. A comer in his class.



Jim Slimmer, rough and aggre sive heavyweight, stable-mate of Tommy Loughran's.



Eddie Roberts, Pacific Coast middleweight. One of the stars there.

Mushy Callahan, California newsboy, got off on the wrong side in his Eastern debut. Archie Walker, who was supposed to have a glass jaw, not only went the route but made Mushy back up time and again. The officials called it a draw. Personally, we thought Callahan had a shade the better of it, but the decision wasn't half bad. Walker was on his bicycle, but you couldn't blame him for that.

Callahan, who made the long trip after knocking out the punch-proof Pal Moran, did not please all hands in the bout with Walker. He showed a good right hand, but his left might as well have been tied behind his back. He showed good work only in spots. Personally, we thought he was a big disappointment. We are certain he can do better and perhaps he will on his next time out.

Joe Dundee, crackerjack Baltimore welter, came from behind to make Tommy Freeman stop. In the fourth round Dundee let fly a right uppercut. It landed on Freeman's jaw and split the entire inside of his lower lip and opened a gash. Referee Jack O'Sullivan then refused to allow Freeman to come up for the fifth. Dr. William Walker, who, by the way, is Mayor Jimmy's brother, concurred in the referee's order.

But the piece de resistance of the evening came in the final number bringing together Stanislaus Loayza and Phil McGraw. They put up a whale of a battle. It was the nearest thing to a slaughter we have ever seen. It was even better than the never-to-be-forgotten Jack Sharkey-Joe Lynch duel. Loayza got the "duke" and he deserved it.

In token of the splendid services rendered by matchmakers Jess McMahon, Andy Neiderreiter and Lou Raymond, the Bronx Hospital Fund Committee is going to give a dinner and present each of the trio with a suitably inscribed gold watch. The Bronx Hospital realized $27,833.95 through the show. The sum will pass the $28,000 mark today for the two referees at the Bronx Hospital Fund show, Jack O'Sullivan and Jack Dorman, each of whom were paid $100, will turn over their checks to the funds.

A record-breaking crowd saw Mannie Wexler defeat Ernie Jarvis at the Pioneer. The old horse mart has made plenty of money.

Another big crowd sat in at the Levine-Milligan scrap. Matchmaker Andy Neiderreiter is going great guns.

Billy McCarney is going in for after-dinner speaking. He should make more than good. He will grab $250 per dinner in addition to the swell eats.

Joe Jacobs has resumed matchmaking for a club in St. Louis. He showed Mound City fans bantam champion Rosenberg three weeks ago.

Jimmy Johnston is beginning to drag in the shekels. He got $4,000 for his end after Mike McTigue fought Tiger Flowers, collected a few hundred on Archie Walker in his drawn battle with Mushy Callahan, and only a few nights ago Jimmy smiled as he got another "cut" from McTigue.

Pete Reilly has a great prospect in the flyweight division in Johnny Breslin. Pete thinks he's a sure thing to beat Fidel La Barba if he can make the match. In his last start the Tenth Avenue youngster knocked out Wee Willie Woods in four heats. Jack Delaney, whom Reilly also manages, agrees with Pete that the kid has the makings of a champion.

Carl Duane celebrated his comeback by whipping Joey Kaufman and Joe Malone.

Johnny Dundee went all the way to Havana, Cuba, to grab a little fresh dough and a licking to boot.

Jack Bernstein, like Duane and Tony Vaccarelli, staged a comeback in his bout with Bobby Burns.

Frankie Goldsmith is cleaning up in the lightweight division in the armories. Keep your eyes peeled on this kid.

They have nicknamed Sammy Cara as the baby Paul Berlenbach of the armories. In his last start he whipped Ivan Hawes.

Tony Canzoneri is a corking bantam prospect. The little gritty Italian is handled by Sammy Goldman, who managed the former 118-pound champion Pete Herman.

Phil (K. O.) Kaplan is doing his best work now that he has entered the middleweight division.

After his losing battle waged against Georgie Levine, Tommy Milligan took the first boat back home. He will return to fight Mickey Walker.

Another good armory fighter is Sammy Tisch, of the 102nd Medical Regiment. His aggressive tactics have brought him fame and fortune.

Bill Duffy may get Harry Felix. If he does he will have one of the best lightweights in the racket.

Lou Brix thinks he has a champ in Al Tripoli. He has a perfect right to think so.

Nat Rogers is putting on some swell shows at the Uptown Lenox. He knows his business.

VIRGINIA NEWS

By RODY DAVIS

Fans in Norfolk were much surprised to see Young Philips, pride of the Naval Base and featherweight champ of the Fifth Naval District, beaten by George Leslie, one of the boys from Camp Holabird. Philips had been going along at a mighty fast pace lately.

Soldier Casola, mate of Leslie, from Camp Holabird, and Jimmy "Kid" Lewis, of San Antonio, put on a mighty good scrap in their bout on the program.

Speedy Lawrence, Army lightweight champ, is back at his old station now—Fort Monroe, Virginia. Speedy had been for sometime at Camp Holabird as boxing instructor there and while in Maryland put up a corking good fight with Lew Haywood. In his last fight in Norfolk he fought to a draw with Harry "Kid" Groves, fine young lightweight from the Capitol City.

Red Taylor, Richmond junior lightweight, is going to leave Miami, Florida, very shortly and trek back to his old grounds. Doubtless Red will engage in several bouts hereabouts before going back to Florida.

Lefty "Kid" Woodson seems to have hit a streak of hard luck, in that sickness is keeping him from training and fighting. This classy young junior lightweight had his kidneys hurt in a Norfolk fight with Mario Guida, of the Navy, and has not gotten over this injury. Woodson is a boy with a bright pugilistic future and after his physical ailment is over he is going to get right down to work afgain.

WASHINGTON NOTES

Jack Turner, local middleweight, knocked out Al Ward, of Fort Myer, Va., in the feature bout at Rockville, Md., on February. The bout was very one sided from the outset.

Jack Cafonia and Joey Ross, of Baltimore, boxed six fast rounds in the semi-final. Eddie DeSimon and Billy Strickler also boxed six rounds. Gypsy Smith bested Jack White.

Harry Kid Groves and Toney Cortex boxed a six-round draw in the wind-up bout at the Marine Barracks at Quantico, Va. The bout was fast throughout, with both boys going at top speed at all times. The entire card was a hummer. More than 4,000 attended the show.

Toney Cortex beat Billy Harris in the eight rounder at the Shrine show here. Harry Groves beat Jack Cody, of Fort Myer, in the semi-final. Johnnie Walker and Joe Piscatella boxed a draw. In the curtain raiser Jack Cafonia bested Buck Cruise.

Frank Dane, local boxing promoter, Johnnie Gill, Joe Bashara and several other boxers were indicted by the Grand Jury in connection with violating the anti-prize-fighting law here. It has been Mr. Dane's desire for some time to have this matter definitely settled in order that he can run his weekly shows without being molested by the police authorities. Mr. Dane is confident that he is within the law and is already planning some big matches.

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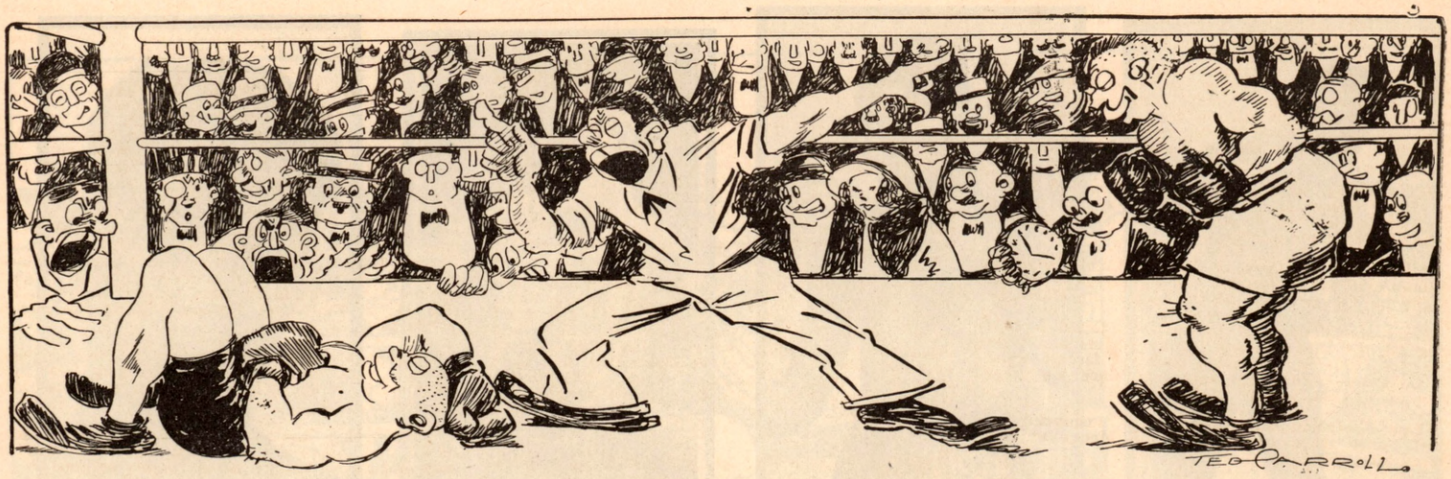


Minute Rests Between Rounds

BOXING IN HAVANA, CUBA

By MILTON BARON

Jack Dempsey recently arrived in Havana on short notice and took the public by storm when he gave three exhibitions at the New Fronton Arena. The appearance of the champion was a big treat to the Cubans. They were bewildered with Dempsey's speed and punching power, as Dempsey scored several knock downs in each exhibition.

The United Promoters are not satisfied that they broke the record for Cuba during 1925 by staging forty-two shows, so they are now contemplating the erection of a new arena with a larger capacity which will soon be under construction.

Messrs. Jose Couce, Luis F. Parga and Luis F. Ferrer make up this successful corporation and are held in high esteem throughout the country. They always strive to better each card, and their painstaking efforts are rewarded by capacity crowds at all their shows. The United Promoters are planning to stage some extra big bouts for which they will import top-notchers from the United States. Any managers of good boxers who may be interested, should write direct to the United Promoters Corporation, 314 Manzana de Gomez, Havana, Cuba.

The biggest upset witnessed in Havana rings, took place at the Arena Colon when Hilario Martinez outpointed Pedro Campo, the Filipino flash, who was a hot favorite in the betting. Campo claims he was overtrained, because his bout with Martinez was postponed several times. The writer believes that Campo conceded too much weight to his opponent. In this fight Campo was outweighed by ten pounds.

In the semi-final Anisio Orbeta won from Eugenio Fernandez. Orbeta scored four knockdowns, but couldn't land the finishing blow on his tough opponent. Orbeta won a popular decision.

On the same card, Vicente Villar substituted for Jose Garcia, and was defeated by Camilo Lombard. Villar had to reduce six pounds at a Turkish bath the same day of the fight, which weakened him entirely. This boy is one of the hardest hitting lightweights in Havana.

Lalo Dominguez, ex-lightweight champion of Cuba, has proven again that he is a dangerous opponent for any man. This time Lalo knocked out Aramis Delpino in two rounds. Dominguez has an awkward style which puzzles most of his opponents. And this funny style has won for him many a battle in which he was not conceded a chance. He defeated Chubby Brown of Rochester, who in turn drew with Jack Zivic. Dominguez also won twice from Jim Moran, hard-hitting welter champion of Spain, and also turned the tables on Stanislau Loyaza, the Chilean lightweight. Lalo is one of the popular ring men around here.

Kid Charol, middleweight champion of Cuba, returned from South America to hand Abdel Kebir, a first-class pasting, knocking him out in nine rounds. Kebir proved a game boy, but was outclassed by Charol's speed and punch. A week later Charol took the measure of Jimmy Kelley, New York middleweight, whom he knocked out in the first round. Three hard right hooks did the trick. Charol is now in line for some more fights, and his next opponent will probably be Panama Joe Gans or Tiger Flowers, provided the promoters, Santos & Artigas can secure the services of these American boxers.

Santos & Artigas, long in the circus game, have now decided to promote fights. While they have not had the opportunity to stage large bouts, great things can be expected from these experienced circus men.

Young Battling Siki, Cuban flyweight now in Key West, knocked out Young Frank from Tampico in six rounds. Siki was leading up until the fifth round but tired badly, and only through his bull dog courage landed a hard left to Frank's jaw, which floored the Tampican for the full count.

Jack Santiago of New York continued his winning streak when he left-jabbed Jack Cordero into defeat in six fast rounds. Both boys fought hard from bell to bell, but Santiago's superior boxing easily earned him the decision. A week later he knocked out Ramon Argudin in one round. Santiago has yet to lose a decision here and is in line for a bout with Angel Diaz, the Cuban champion featherweight.

Franklin Humbolt is another good lightweight. After a long layoff he returned to the Arena Colon and handed Urbano Solera a lacing in six torrid rounds. A week later he met Pedro Isla, losing the decision, but was outweighed 7 pounds, as Isla is a welterweight. Humbolt is quite popular as he never fails to satisfy the fans.

Vicente Delgado, another Filipino lightweight, has invaded these shores. Before coming here, he defeated some good boys down South. Delgado is a "paisano" of Pedro Campo, and will be soon seen in action with some of the best lightweights here.

Kid Salgado, local bantam, again met and defeated his eternal rival, Tommy Albear, in one of the prelims at the Dempsey exhibitions. Salgado used his famous right cross and had Albear bleeding from the start to finish.

Some of the prospective bouts now in the making are Romero Rojas vs. Sanitago Esperagera, ex-heavy weight champion of Cuba. Johnny Dundee and Hilario Martinez have already been matched, and Jack Renault vs. Rolleaux Saguero, the present Cuban heavyweight king, will shortly be matched.

Tansy Norton and Fast Black, two American welterweights, scored victories in their initial appearance here. Norton defeated Pedro Isla via the Knockout Route, and Fast Black gained a decision over Vega Rubin. These American boxers made good, and will be given more bouts shortly.

Dativo Fuentes, Cuban featherweight contender, won his first fight in the United States by defeating Tommy Milton in ten rounds. Dativo is a good boy and should make good if properly coached. When he returns to his native soil he will be given a chance for the title, as he has a victory over Soldado Diaz, the present champion.

Lots of good things can be expected of Cuba in the fight game. Boxing is growing stronger day by day, and it won't be long before Cuba can present contenders in each division. The promoters are now paying better than before, and this has helped a great deal to bring forth new boxers. It is surprising to see hundreds of new boys training daily at the different gymnasiums around town, and there are lots of good boys now in the making. A good boxing instructor is needed to help them along. If any instructor cares to take a chance, let him write to the Boxing Commission and see what they have to say.

CONNECTICUT GOSSIP

By ROY LIVERIDGE

Frankie Fay put Norwalk on the boxing map when he staged the Young Milligan-Mike Esposito state bantamweight championship fight at Norwalk. The large Armory was crowded to the doors with hundreds on the outside clamoring for admission. The bout was won by Young Mulligan, but Esposito still retains the state title, as Mulligan was over weight.

The best bout of the evening was the ten-round semi-final between Johnny Peters, of Bridgeport, and Bruce Flowers, colored lightweight of New Rochelle. Sport writers in general declared declared that it was one of the best fights seen in this section. Flowers received a close decision over Peters. Peters, who was formerly Nick Petitte, is making a great comeback under a new name and should go far.

Kid Broad, of Stamford, won a knockout over Leo Johnson in the first round. Johnson sprained his ankle when he fell out of the ring and was unable to continue. Steve Toth, of Springwood, made short work of Cyclone Patterson. Toth only hit Patterson once and the Cyclone went through the ropes.

Fay has a tentative card outlined for next month with Mulligan and Lew Perfetti in the twelve-round feature. Pee Wee Smith, colored bantam from Omaha, now residing at Bridgeport, will meet Chic Dorsey, of Norwalk, in the ten-round semi. Ernie Perry will appear with some good 140-pound boy.

Jack Delaney, of Bridgeport, won over Johnny Risko at the New Garden, New York. Steve Smith, also of Bridgeport, was on the card and lost to Eddie Anderson, of Wyoming. Mike Esposito, of Stamford, made his debut at the Garden and won from Georgie Cuneo, of Greenwich Village. The Connecticut champ was fast and clever and easily outfought Cuneo.

The first ring fatality occurred, at Stamford, in the bout between Kid Broad, of Stamford, and Tiger Smith, of Norwalk. Smith died at the Stamford Hospital a few hours after the bout. Broad was exonerated at the hearing.

Commissioner Donahue has made a ruling whereby no last-minute substitutions can be made. This is a very good rule.

Johnny Saxon is making a big hit in New York, as he is appearing at a number of the National Guard Armory fights in the feature numbers.

Phil Jackson, Milwaukee middleweight, now making his home at Bridgeport, knocked out Sailor McLeod, of Newark, in the fifth round of a scheduled twelve-round bout at Joe (Tex) Grill's New London show. Jackson looks to be the real article, as he is fast, clever and can hit. Jackson will probably meet Tommy Dunn, of Staten Island, at Grill's next show. Steve Culver made short work of Kid Olivia, of Taunton, Mass., in the first round. Joe King lost to Tommy Red Jarrett and Young De Barlo won from Young Reda in the opening bout.

Meyer Cohen, of Holyoke, won over Tracey Ferguson, of Wallingford, at Holyoke, in the ten-round wind up. Eddie Lord, of Waterbury, won from Silvey Mirault. Jack Horner beat Kid Vincent.

Tony Travers, of New Haven, fought his second fight at the New Garden, New York, when he fought a draw with Eddie McLoughlin on the Greb-Flowers card.

Hartford has two shows lined up for next month, with George Mulligan promoting the first one and Hughie Rorty the other.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By OTTO A. PETERS

Fred Gilmore, a referee, played Santa Claus in the event at the Hollywood Stadium, February 5, when he gave Sammy Mandell the decision. Five thousand fans thought that a draw would have been more popular. Johnny Adams proved his comeback when he took five of the ten rounds from Mandell.

Eddie Macey, featherweight boxer, who was fouled by Ernie Goozeman at San Bernardino, is in the hospital and will not be able to box for two months, according to his physician.

Matchmaker Joe Levy, of the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium, has announced the signing of Fidel La Barba and Clever Dencio for the main event, March 31.

Every matchmaker in Southern California is bidding for the bout between Johnny Adams and Wild Cat Ace Hudkins. It should pack the largest arena in California. They all want him since his great showing against Sammy Mandell.

Ernie Goozeman was automatically suspended for thirty days when he fouled Eddie Macey at San Bernardino, January 21.

Baby Joe Gans won a technical k. o. over Young Sam Langford at the Pasadena armory, February 4. Langford was said to have broken his thumb in the second round and his towel was thrown in the ring in the sixth round.

The boxing game in San Jose is a little quiet just now due to the fact that the lease held by Promoter Foreman on the old East Side Arena has expired and he has decided to erect a modern arena near the center of the city. It is now under construction and will be ready for a show shortly.

San Jose has turned out some classy fighters in the past. Just now Young Hank Roberts, Mason Griffin, Eddie Dampier and Young Carmen are among the best welters on the Coast. Eddie McGovern is among the first flight of middles. Young Carmen is an old-timer and is probably going back a little but this classy Italian boy is still able to give boxing lessons to a lot of the boys. Eddie Dampier and Mason Griffin are among the best prospects the writer has seen. The former has been going great guns since he stopped that toughest of the tough old warhorses, Bobbie Green.

Jack Payne, the old time Texas trainer and manager is located in San Jose now and is gathering together a good looking stable of boxers. He has taken over the contract of Young Sammy Rice, who, for a youngster, has shown a lot of ability. Sammy is fast growing out of the bantam class and it is our opinion that he will deal a lot of the feathers a world of misery. He has taken the tough and smart Billie West to two cleanings inside a month.

This section seems to be well favored and fortunate in its promoters, for in the Monterey Athletic Club and the Salinas Athletic Club which hold shows on alternate weeks, we find associated Mack Moffitt, Steve Ireland and August Jensen, each a fine citizen and reliable. They haven't put on a poor show yet and they help the game. Jim Gregg at Watsonville has been conducting shows for some years and his business methods are high class in every way. Santa Cruz has a good club and conducts good shows. Your correspondent is not personally acquainted with the promoters so will have more to say about them later.

Ray Lake has a varied and large stable of boxers operating out of Watsonville. He seems to be able to attach to himself boys who are willing to do their stuff. In Billie Springfield he has one of the outstanding performers among the welters. Billie would take on heavies if they would let him. He will fight anyone, anytime, anyplace, for money, marbles or chalk. If Don Curley of San Tone will send Mercy Montez up here the writer would pay real money to see Billie and Mercy go.

Billie La Flora, one of the classiest feathers on the Coast, is now under the management of Tim McGrath. While Pete Sarmiento handed him a seven-round pasting a couple of weeks ago we can't see where that will keep Billie out of Tex Rickard's thoughts. Billie is the goods and is gaining in ability and experience all the time.

Ora Foreman plans on showing the fans, Jack Dempsey in four rounds of exhibition, on the opening of his new arena. Now if we can find a Jack Munroe?

MINNESOTA BOXING NEWS

By MURRAY McLEAN

Promoter Captain Billy Fawcett and Matchmaker Jack Reddy, of the Twin Cities Athletic Club, who run fight shows in St. Paul and Minneapolis, have been trying out the "popular priced" shows using local talent only and to date have had wonderful success. In the past the nationally known top-notchers would come here, get almost all of the gate receipts and give the fans a poor fight.

Freeman Pepper, of Rochester, N. Y., who has been barnstorming around Wyoming, North and South Dakota, Iowa and Montana rings for the past two years, is here and so far has put up some good fights. He started out by defeating Gunner Joe Quinn in Minneapolis and then knocked out Vince Moha's boy, Al Kubiak, of Milwaukee, in five rounds at Eau Claire. He lost a close decision to Mark Judge in Minneapolis.

Fight fans in the Twin Cities are closely watching Billy Petrolle, of Fargo, Jack Hurley's clever lightweight, who is now in the East and making good. Petrolle is a real fighter and has many friends back here who are pulling for him.

Ernie Fliegel, of Minneapolis, who has had less than two years' experience, held Pete Sarmiento to an eight-round draw in the main event of the last show in Minneapolis. Give Fliegel a little more time in the game, more time to develop into a more rugged fighter, and he will take such fighters as Sarmiento.

Jimmie Cashill, Ham Schilling's lightweight, and Teddy Blatt put up an exciting fight in the semi-windup bout. It was fairly even until the third round, when Jimmie uncorked a fast right and dropped Blatt to the canvass. Jim succeeded in knocking Blatt twice more in that round, but Blatt came back strong in the later rounds, while Jimmie seemed to be satisfied with what he had accomplished in the third.

Cyclone Watts

Mark Judge outpointed Freeman Pepper, Sammy Ratner gave Artie Sheire a whaling and Ira Johnson lost to Bill De Jalma in the other contests.

Nick Olivia, of St. Paul, fought Young Sol a draw in a hot bout at Topeka, Kansas, according to clippings sent in by Olivia. Olivia writes that he expects to fight the Denver Kid before returning home.

Jack Weitzman is now the manager of Bill De Jalma, colored middleweight, and is anxious to match his protege with any of them. De Jalma, who is generally known as Pajamas, is quite an entertaining boxer.

Wildcat Eddie Mason is coming along nicely and looks better with every start. He will fight Paul Wangley at Sioux Falls, S. D., soon and is also matched to fight at Rhinelander, Wis., and Ironwood, Mich.

Eddie Lewis, Minneapolis flyweight, is matched to fight Harry Ah Gong Bill, Chinese boxer, at Des Moines. Harry will be eating his rice soup with a straw if Lewis succeeds in doing all he says he will.

Jack McCann, St. Paul light heavyweight, who looks very good, is looking for fights with any of them now and wants to fight Larry Sobject and Glen Clickner in Wisconsin rings. McCann is one tough fighter and deserves more bouts than he has been getting.

Stewart McLean, St. Paul junior lightweight, who is now doing all of his fighting on the Pacific Coast, was a visitor during February. Stewart gave Tod Morgan a tough fight and thought that it was time to come home and see the folks. Stewart reports that other St. Paul boys, Guy Mauro, Kid Muskie, Harry La Barre, Jimmie Delaney and Johnny O'Donnell are all doing well on the coast.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLMAN J. NEE

March is usually a quiet month in boxing circles in Boston, as Mechanics Hall is occupied with the Auto Show and the Boston Arena is not available as it is the contesting ground for all the local hockey clubs. With all its spendid armories at hand, idle most of the time, Boston finds itself on the outside looking in and until such time as some able legislator drafts a bill repealing the ridiculous ban on the use of state armories to private parties, the fans of the manly art will have to travel from the largest city in New England to some smaller ones to worship at the "Shrine of Fistania" during the month of March.

Speaking of the smaller cities on the New England boxing circuit brings out the surprising fact that they really average a bigger gate for a season than some of the big fry in Boston.

Jack Murphy, Casino A. C., Lynn Cecil Dodge, Lake A. C., and others are all doing their very best to keep boxing on a high plane in this section.

Red Chapman, one of the greatest boys of his weight produced in this section in recent years, defeated Babe Herman in Boston the past month, and by so doing pushed himself a notch nearer a shot at the championship. In defeating Herman, who, a few weeks previous, had outpunched Chick Suggs in the same hall, Red showed some of the stuff champions are supposed to possess, for, after being sent to the canvas in the second frame for a nine count, Chapman arose, rushed into a clinch to recover his scattered bearings and from then on just plainly outboxed and outgamed the ever dangerous Herman. Chapman was tendered an ovation by one of the greatest gatherings of fans ever to witness a boxing contest in Boston. Red, who is one of the cleanest and fairest boxers inside ropes and who truly rates the title a credit to the game, is the idol of his race hereabouts, a race, by the way, that has been a great force for good for the boxing game.

Marty Fitzpatrick, former New England amateur champion, is conducting a gym at 85 West Concord Street, Boston, that is a model of its kind. It is a mecca of a legion of local boxers who work out there regularly preparing for ring contests. Marty and his veteran partner, Billy Griffen, issue a cordial invitation to visiting boxers to use the facilities of their model, well-appointed gym.

Billy Griffen is sending his star, Bobby Lowery, the "fighting Scot," against Al Mello, the New England welter champ, at Lawrence this month, and Billy sends along word that Lowery is in perfect condition, which means the fans of the mill town will see some battle.

Tommy Kirby, of Roxbury, former National heavy champ, scored a k. o. over Jack Gagnon, the French boxer, at New Bedford this month in a torrid scrap, and by so doing surprised a lot of the "wise guys," who figured Kirby to be the short end. Tommy has everything to make a great fighter, and it is up to himself to snap out of it and get going.

Charley Donovan, of Dorchester, defeated Johnny McIntire, of Halifax, at Lynn this month in a bout where science predominated. Donovan gave a masterly exhibition of hit and get away, but he always found the veteran McIntire ready to mix at close quarters.

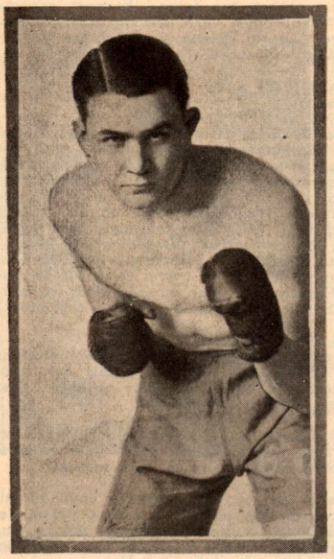
Billy Murphy defeated Harry Kid Brown, of Philly, at Worcester this month in a ten-round scientific boxing match that gave the oldtimers present a thrill and showed the younger element a few things about the manly art. Murphy used his greater height and reach to advantage in outscoring Brown, who is not as young as he used to be but a great boxer yet.

Tommy Nee, of South Boston, who was a sensation in the bantam class a year ago, has again started training with a view of combating some of the local battlers inside hemp. Nee, who has always taken care of himself, should have little difficulty rounding into form.

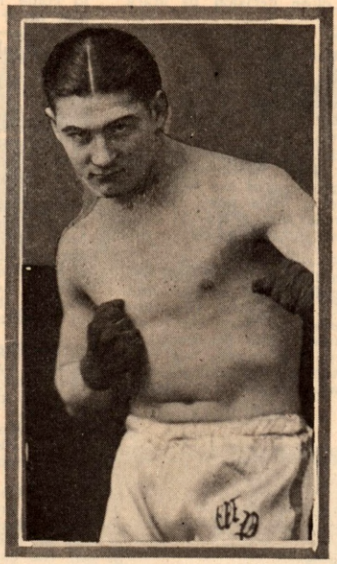
Jimmy Maloney and Hambone Kelley, also from South Boston, are in training for prospective matches in view for them. Hambone is due to box for Doc Lynch at the Casino A. C., Fall River, this month.

Jimmy Goodrich, the lightweight whom Rocky Kan has defeated for the crown owned by Benny Leonard, meets Honeyboy Finnegan, Dan Carroll's ace, in Boston next month in a bout that is sure to attract a record gate, as Finnegan is, without a doubt, one of the best of the New England drawing cards. It looks like a whale of a scrap.

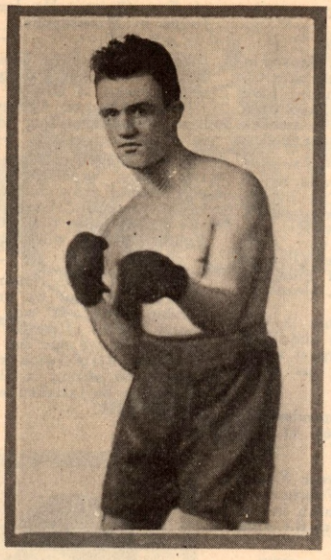
Boxers and other champion and top-notchers are requested to send their signature to The Ring, 91 Seventh Ave., New York City. These will be photographed and placed in a frame for exhibition in Madison Square Garden. Time limited—Write Now.



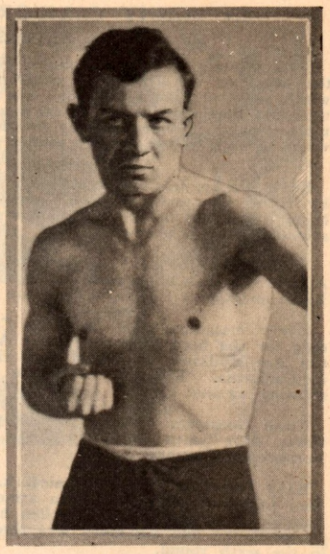
George Courtney, Oklahoma Cowboy, managed by Paddy Mullins. He is a middleweight.



Willie Patterson, lightweight aspirant from Philadelphia.



Arnold Ryan, holder of bantam featherweight championship of National Guard.



Al Dundee, crack bantam from Mansfield, Ohio, rated among the headliners.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

Benny Bass, Philadelphia's clever featherweight, was not discouraged by his recent ten-round draw decision with Eddie Anderson, of Wyoming, and soon swung back in his winning ways. There were many who thought that Anderson won from Bass.

Philadelphia is looking forward with interest to the junior national A. A. U. boxing championships, to be held March 26 and 27 at the Arena. The tournament will be staged by the new Penn Athletic Club. Amateur boxers are coming here from all parts of the country.

Matt Adgie spun Dougherty, a pick-up, for a loop in their recent meeting at the Arena. Pete Moran, who is looking after Adgie, believes he has a real light heavyweight star in the former West Philadelphia ice man. Adgie has stopped all but one of his opponents.

Scott McDonald, the fighting Scotchman, is not idle these days. Manager Harry Dollfuss has arranged a number of bouts for Scotty and expects to put him in Madison Square Garden soon.

During his recent stay in Philadelphia, the world's heavyweight champion, Jack Dempsey, took several workouts at Otto Hughes' gymnasium and also at the new Arcadia gym.

Willie Davies, the Charleroi, Pa., flyweight, never fails to make a favorable showing in his bouts in Phillie. His two recent fights with Joey Ross, of New York, were rip-tearing affairs, but Davies gained the decision in each.

Danny Kramer, after his unintentional foul against Leo Kid Roy, of Canada, swung back into action again with the same lad at the Arena and drew a capacity crowd. Kramer is a big drawing card in Philadelphia, and nothing would please him better than to get another crack at Kid Kaplan.

Coach George Decker has a star 125-pounder at the University of Pennsylvania in the person of Sam Levy. Ed Hake also looked promising as a heavyweight, but his parents objected to him boxing and he has given up the sport.

Buck Fleming, Philadelphia featherweight, has been going good, but still feels upset over his recent bout with Ralph Repman. His manager is angling for a return match with Repman.

Lew Brandow, winner of the K. of C. featherweight title here, has turned pro. He made his debut against Ernie Christie, a Frenchman.

Manager Max (Boo Boo) Hoff believes that Ad Stone, his light heavyweight, will be able to resume boxing again during the summer. Stone was ordered to take a rest after losing to Tommy Loughran. This was their third meeting.

Joe Bush, Philadelphia middleweight, made a hit in his bout with Jimmy McAllister in Reading. After that he won from Jackie Donahue in Norristown. Bush does not bar any of the middleweights at 160 pounds.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By SOX PINTO

Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Trenton's contender for the lightweight honors, fought Russ Whalen to a draw in East Chicago on January 26. On February 17 at the Armory in Philadelphia, Pa., Murphy handed out a neat pasting to Cuddy DeMarco of Pittsburgh, Pa. Both judges gave the verdict to Murphy. He was credited with seven rounds, one going to DeMarco and the other two even.

After a couple more fights, Murphy will go to Hot Springs for a month. He will be 21 years of age shortly and then Tommy will place a forfeit in the New York Boxing Commissioners' hands for a bout with the champion or any of the leading contenders.

After a layoff of six months Tommy West, local middleweight, beat Vincent Lopez in the feature bout at the Arena. West's long layoff was certainly noticeable.

Tommy West has engaged Jimmy (Fats) Pinto for his trainer. A good move.

Sammy Fulton and Eddie Muffo fought the semi-final to the West-Lopez go and Fulton beat Muffo all the way.

Johnny Brennan, Trenton's entry in the flyweight ranks, will soon fight in Trenton. He has been doing most of his fighting out of town. Brennan has won his last 12 starts.

Chick Emmons, who has been going great guns lately, handed Johnny Fone a sleep producer.

Jimmy Willard, Tommy (Kid) Murphy's chief sparring partner, is making rapid strides in the square circle. He looks like a comer.

Charles DeAngelo, manager of Joe Reno and Willie Beetle, announces his retirement as fight manager. Hereafter all of his time will be devoted to work as a building contractor.

According to the rumor, Joe Reno and Willie Beetle will go under the management of the Joe Manze-Pat Maloney combination. They recently took over Tommy West.

The promoters here in Trenton are beginning to wake up to the fact that they must put on more local boys in order to draw crowds.

Jimmy Willard is a good lightweight of Trenton.

NOTES FROM TOLEDO

By JIM HENRICKS, JR.

Ad. Thacher, popular Toledo promoter, has resumed his weekly shows at his Superior Street gymnasium, now called the Toledo Amateur Club. Thacher has never failed to delight the local fans in the past with these club shows. In the feature bout of his opening show on January 29th, Terry McMullin won the decision from K. O. Sewell in ten rounds. Sammy Fine kayoed Bob Henderson in the second round of another bout. Eight other fast bouts completed the card.

Fistic entertainers will have plenty of chance to display their prowess in Toledo from now on with Eddie Mack staging club shows at the East Toledo A. C. on Monday night of each week and Ad. Thacher doing the same in his gym on Friday nights.

Joe Packo, Toledo light heavyweight, has an injured hand, which has greatly handicapped him in recent engagements. Joe will take a rest of a month and will be ready for action again sometime in March.

Ed Harris promoted a show at the Coliseum on February 3, in which the contestants were all colored boys. Sailor Darden, of New York, outpointed Jack Blackburne, of Cincinnati, in the twelve-round main event. The colored boys showed to a packed house.

Charley George has proven his ability as a matchmaker in the several chances he has had in Toledo. Charley is busy these days in assisting Ad. Thacher at the Toledo Amateur Club.

Sammy Fine, young Toledo welterweight, scored his ninth consecutive knockout when he disposed of Russell Keith in three rounds at the Toledo Amateur Club on February 19. Sammy is a terrific puncher with either hand.

Chet Marleau has a very promising youngster under his wing in the person of Art. Knopp, junior lightweight. Knopp has been winning consistently and shows improvement with every start.

Larry Posen, local middleweight, continues to be a great crowd pleaser in this section with his aggressive style of fighting. Larry chased and battered his way to a victory over Jack Pinney, also of Toledo, on February 18, and on February 23 he fought eight rounds to a draw with big Terry McMullin at Findlay, Ohio.

MAINE MUSINGS

By R. A. WEATHERBEE

Newport Johny Brown, now of Cambridge, lost on a fowl to Lou Lambert in the fifth round of their bout in Portland, January 26.

Laddie Lee, the latest Maine welterweight to show promise, is moving along like a meteor with ten straight wins. In his latest bouts he knocked out Jimmy (Kid) Sullivan for the Portland welterweight title, outpointed Battling Therrain, of Sanford, in six rounds and beat Joe Garvey.

With Jack Willis away, Lee is the leading welter of southern Maine. A bout between Lee and that crashing Old Town lad, Cyclone St. Louis, would decide the Maine welterweight title.

"Laddie Lee" is none other than Laddie O'Connor, the former Portland High and Holy Cross athlete. Lee is down around the welterweight limit and has learned surprisingly fast from Lou Bedell and other old timers with whom he has trained.

Cyclone St. Louis, Jack Shumway's Old Town mauler, has had some fifteen bouts and has improved steadily in spite of the unstable boxing situation in Maine. St. Louis in northern Maine and O'Conner in the southern part stand alone among the state welters.

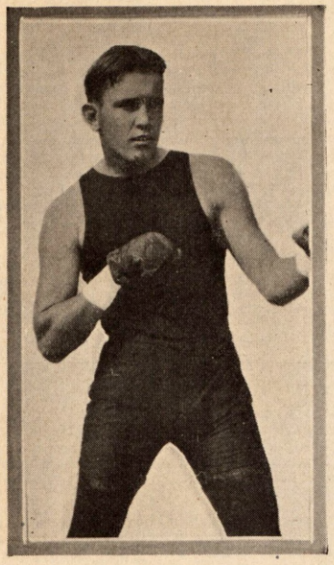
The Ring-Everlast Co. operative cards are very popular here. The writer, in Lincoln, returned a pair of gloves on Monday P. M. in exchange for heavier ones and received the new mitts on Friday. Four days' exchange service from New York City to Lincoln, Maine, gives the R. E. the undisputed championship.

At a recent Portland bout there were on the card Bobby Jones, Harry Greb and Red Grange. Besides these, Maine has Eddie Polo, Tom Mix, Harry Wills, Jack O'Brien and Kid Sullivan, while Henry Ford, the Boston featherweight, is well known here. Of course, none of these are the celebrities but only youngsters who have borrowed the well-known names.

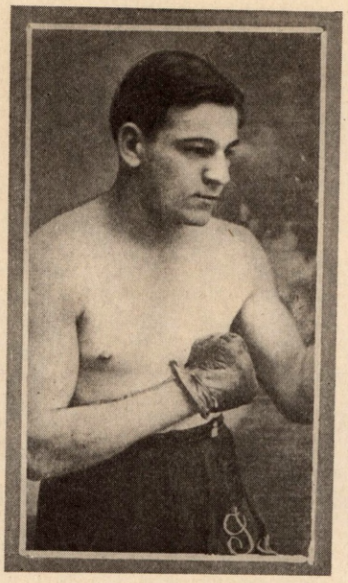
Georgie Bolduc, of Lewiston, lost decisively to Steve (Kid) Sullivan, former 130-lb. champ, in New York, February 1.

Charley Turner's Bing Conley, of Lewiston, is back in the ring again and is ready for action in the 160-175 or heavyweight classes, which he rules in this state. Bing recently gave away about a ton of weight to Elizear Riox, of Montreal, and held the big fellow to a draw. Bing later scored victories over Tommy Robson and Battling McCreery.

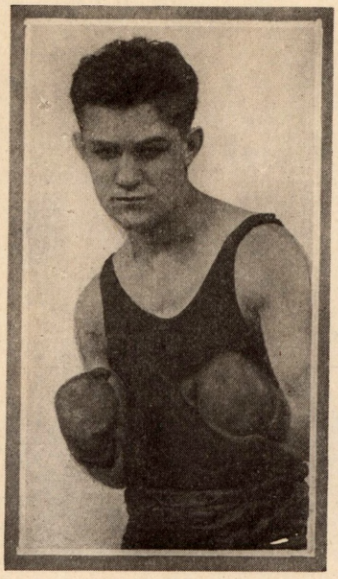
Jimmy (Kid) Rice, of Portland, floored Leo Kelley, of Lynn, Mass., in Portland, February 16, but Kelley's flashy punching won him the decision. In the semi-final Bobby Jones, 16-year-old Portland lightweight, won over Al Chase.



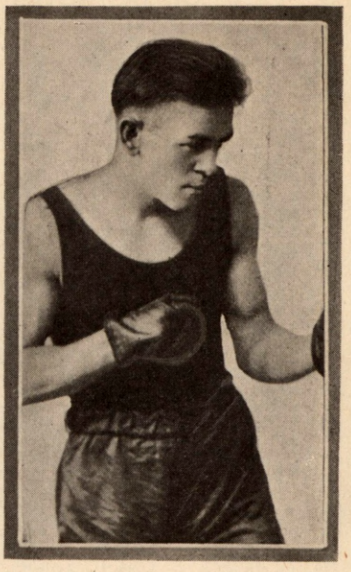
Ray Schaeffer, a star feather-weight of the South.



Jack Lewis, junior lightweight champion of the South.



Steve Smith, hard-hitting mantam-weight of Cleveland.



Al Clitty, a clever featherweight who has fought many good battles.

FISTIC NEWS FROM GEORGIA

By COLEMAN McGRILL

The boxing game has finally started off here after being on the shelve for over a year. Charley Brownfield, who has staged boxing matches here ten years ago, later going to Louisville, Ky., where he was connected with fight game for a number of years started the ball rolling. Brownfield staged two ten-round bouts, featuring Joe Paglina, Louisville 126 pounder, against Young Ross of Buffalo, N. Y. Paglina carried off the honors in 12 rounds. Hollis Sullivan kayoed Young Harper in one round.

Hollis Sullivan, the Atlanta junior lightweight, is one youngster that will bear watching. Sullivan is being handled by Professor Epans, an instructor in English in one of the universities.

Billy Lotz, Manager of Larry Avera, also broke into the promotion game. Billy booked Larry Avera, his star battler, in the feature bout against Judge Horning, and the blond Irishman outboxed his heavier opponent in a hard fought battle. In another ten rounder Hollis Sullivan kayoed Battling Barnett in the fifth round.

Pinkie May, sensational bantam of Savannah, Ga., is keeping busy. He boxes on an average of five times a month. May boxed Tony Lete, Tampa, Fla., bantam, in Jacksonville ten rounds to a draw. Three days later he met Johnny Moore in St. Petersburg, Fla., in a fast ten-round no-decision bout.

Max Abelson is rounding his 130-pound battler, Frankie Gardini, into fighting form.

Tommy Jones, Macon, Ga., youngster and a stable mate of the Tiger, is spending his time in Florida. Tommy has been winning his fights with regularity and is showing lots of improvements.

Tim O'Dowd, former resident of Atlanta, who spent the past several months in Louisville, Ky., under the management of Charlie Jones, has again left the Kentucky city to join his old manager, Jimmy Mayoson. Mayoson brought the youngster out.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA NEWS

By J. D. BECK

The Majestic Club at McKeesport held a corking show on Thursday, January 28th. Johnny Mellow, Detroit, and Cuddy De Marco, Charleroi Sheik, were the main bout participants. The fight was a hotly contested battle. Mellow made it very interesting by his steady weaving in attack and using this method to a very good advantage. Of course, Cuddy started the fireworks in the eighth round and gained some of the ground lost in the preceding rounds, thereby evening up the fight and earning a shade. The judges disagreed and was ruled as a draw by the referee.

The semi-final brought out the fireworks of the evening. It was of six rounds. Billie Meyers, local redhead, met the fiery little Tiger Joe Herman from Toronto, Canada. Herman has been beating his opponents with regularity, but in Meyers he met a Tartar. Meyers beat him in every one of the six rounds.

Nick Perlick and Mike Conroy, Rochester heavyweight, fought the ten rounds at the Majestic Club in McKeesport, on February 4th. It was a slow and uninteresting bout, with no thrills furnished. Perlick with his aggressiveness carried the decision of both judges.

Harry Greb is setting somewhat of a record with his active campaigning since the first of the year. He started off by beating Roland Todd in ten rounds at Toronto and since then has bested no less than six tough opponents that he has been called upon to meet. His victims are Joe Lohman, Ted Moore, Buck Holley, Jimmy Delaney and Owen Phelps. Not so bad for a champ, eh?

The writer was quite surprised to read of Eddie Kid Wagner's knockout at the hands of Billy Petrolle at Fargo, N. D., several weeks ago. It just goes to show you there are no setups in the boxing game. Petrolle, practically unknown, was no doubt taken for a dub by Wagner. The result is now history.

Motor Square Garden at Pittsburgh is mixing the sport with a "rassling" match thrown in occasionally.

Bernard Kelly, McKeesport manager of future champs, is busy looking after his charges, who are hounding Kelly for a little more action than they have been getting recently. Kelly has a good string of boys in charge, among them Andy Tomasky, Wilmerding bantam flash.

Parsons McGinty, Cleveland's fistic king, is busy lining up battles for Jimmy Mendo, his feather pride. McGinty expects to show Mendo with Bobby Young from Duquesne at the Olympic Arena shortly, McGinty has seen Young in action and wants to introduce him to Cleveland fandom.

Pete Zivic, Pittsburgh bantam, is enjoying a great season. Pete, after a layoff of almost two years, is making a wonderful comeback, and now seems ripe to get a crack at Phil Rosenberg and his bantam title.

Willie Meyers, McKeesport pride, is easily the busiest flyweight in this district. In the past few weeks he has fought Tiger Joe Herman; K. O. Abie Witz, Midget Martin and K. O. Williams, winning all these bouts handily. Tug Phillips and Young Piazze fought the headliner at Rochester, Pa., on February 2nd, Phillips copping the decision.

Tommy Maxwell has taken hold of the boxing game at Erie and has a show every week. Maxwell has built up the game there and intends to run some big out-door attractions this summer at the local Ball Park. Our friend, Tony Ross, got the call of the South and at this writing is enjoying a very busy campaign of victories over some mighty tough boys.

The Majestic Club at McKeesport celebrated Washington's Birthday by treating fandom to a ten-round bout, featuring Cuddy DeMarco and Joey Silvers from New York. Silvers showed plenty of cleverness, but DeMarco took all Silvers could give and then stepped on high, giving Silvers a neat lacing. Cuddy received the decision of both judges.

Teddy Welsh, McKeesport, and Geo. Harris, Niles, Ohio, lightweight, fought the six-round semi-final. It was a slam-bang setto, with honors even.

Marty McHale, McKeesport, and Ralph Martzo, from Bloomfield, fought the six-round prelim. McHale showed great improvement over his former self and easily copped the verdict.

Bobby Young, Duquesne feather, journeyed to Erie, Pa., on February 19th and made a great hit with local fans by his easy knockout over Kid Alberts in the fourth round.

Duquesne Garden at Pittsburgh will shortly swing in line to hold some high-class boxing shows, which the management has had in mind for some time, but, due to the fact that the Garden's the home of the Pirates Hockey Club, boxing was shelved until the end of the hockey season.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. AUSTEN SHAY

Ray Mitchell, of Philadelphia, dropped the judges' decision to Johnny Hayes, of Philadelphia, in a ten-round fight at Harrisburg last month. They are lightweights.

Ralph Repman, York Haven featherweight, fought a draw with Eddie Ochs, of Lancaster, at Reading, and two weeks later Repman received the judges' decision after eight rounds of fast milling.

Battling Willard, of Lancaster, won from Tim Droney, of Lancaster, in the semi-final of eight rounds.

Tommy Cooley, of Williamsport, is looking for trouble among the middleweights.

George Tulley, of Philadelphia, scored a knockout over Eddie Billman, of Lancaster, when Eddie failed to answer the bell for the sixth round of a scheduled six-round bout at Lebanon last month. In the semi-final Dick Curtin, Lebanon lightweight, stopped Young Bradley, of Philadelphia, in the third round. A right to the stomach and a left to the jaw ended the fuss.

Vincent Lopez, of Philadelphia, gained the judges' decision over Jack Ketchell, of Philadelphia, in a ten-round go at Reading on February 23.

"Honeyboy" Bill Evans, of Coldale, beat Jimmy McAllister, of Reading, in the semi-final. Evans floored McAllister twice during the eight rounds.

Dick Conlon, of Altoona, lost to Tommy Cooney, of Philadelphia, on a foul in the third round of a scheduled ten-round wind-up at Harrisburg on February 22.

Jeff Stevenson, Harrisburg middleweight, won from Jerry Hayes, of Philadelphia, in an eight-round fight at Harrisburg last month.

K. O. Reigel, Lebanon middleweight, is training hard and expects to stage a comeback within the next few weeks.

Al Clemens, of Lebanon, is looking for trouble among the lightweights.

Battling Willard, of Lancaster, won the judges' decision over Whitey Fitzgerald, of Philadelphia, in a six-round fuss at the Arena, Philadelphia, last month.

"Tiger" Thomas, of Williamsport, is now making his home in Harrisburg. Thomas is a promising middleweight. He is engaged by John Brackenbridge, local fight manager.

Donk Peters, Lebanon's fighting bricklayer, looks like a comer in the middleweight division; he is fast and carries a terrific kick in either hand. When Donk hits them they stay hit.

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Details Obtained on Mailing Card

KANSAS NOTES

By WILLIAM PATRICK

Buster Brown gave Jackie Sanders a ten-round lacing at Topeka recently.

The Cudahy A. C. of Kansas City staged a card of three ten-round bouts on January 28. First those old rivals, "Spider" Kelly and Jack Barry, slugged ten rounds to a draw. Pat Corbett scored a knockout over Benny Flint in the ninth round, and Bud Hamilton beat Joe Trabon, winning the lightweight championship belt of the Middle West presented to the winner by the Cudahy A. C.

On January 29 Billy Britton, the "Kansas Cyclone" and Norm Genet boxed a ten-round draw at Atchison. Tommy Dixon refereed.

On the same day at Emporia, Harry Ruby beat Elmer McMullen and Charlie Dodge, "Vest Pocket Dempsey," beat Young Ketchel.

The Cudahy A. C. staged another card of three ten-round bouts at Kansas City, Kans., on February 4. In the first bout Young Sol bested Ted Henry, and in the best fight of the card Blas Rodriguez and Battling Morris battled ten hectic frames with honors even. In an uninteresting bout Ever Hammer outboxed Charley Pitts.

Billy Britton, the "Kansas Cyclone," beat Joe Keys at Topeka, February 5.

Jimmy Carter and "Slugging" Walter Page fought ten rounds to a draw at Dodge City, February 5.

"Doggie" Lawhead and Doc. Jones boxed six rounds on even terms.

Roy Berger knocked out Joe Josserand in the second round.

Pete Goosens and Walter "Gabby" Gable have closed the Arcade Gymnasium as the gymnasium has been a money-losing proposition since the city officials told Goosens & Gable they would not be allowed to stage amateur cards weekly as had been the custom. Kansas City boxers will train at the Eagles' Gym.

Wint Smith, matchmaker of the Kansas City, Kansas, American Legion, is having a tough time signing up any attractive bouts as the Cudahy A. C. has all the good boys under contract.

Johnny Bondon, Kansas City garage man, tried his hand at the promotion end of boxing by matching a card for the Eagles in Kansas City. Frankie Civella and Tommy Carulla boxed six rounds to a draw in one bout; Larry Cappo shaded "Spider" Kelly in eight rounds; Jack Barry, the "Italian Kangaroo," hopped, skipped and ran five miles in his ten-round bout with Joe Trabon but couldn't keep Joe from landing enough punches to win on points, and in the best fight Denver Kid knocked out Kid McCoy in the fifth round. The Denver Kid is the best liked bantam to box in Kay-See. The "Kid" has beaten Norba Vance, Blas Rodriguez, Battling Morris, Earl Cecil, Jimmie "Kid" Hartman and Young Ketchel.

The slogan of the Jay Thomas stable is "Go get 'im, he can't hurt us."

John Fulton, matchmaker for the Atchison American Legion, is trying to sign Pat Corbett and Norm Genet for his next show.

Ralph Brady of Syracuse, N. Y., veteran lightweight, has been instructing the Bondon & Gatto stable in the finer points of boxing.

The smoker staged February 16 as a benefit for Herman Merritt, Kansas City boy, whose back was broken in an automobile accident several years ago, was a huge success.

Pat Corbett, the "Fighting Irishman," and Eddie Dwyer, the "Brown Panther," fought February 19 in Hutchinson. Corbett trimmed the Panther's claws with ease. George Story, Oklahoma welter, won on a foul over Pat Shelby in the fifth round.

Kid Maultbie knocked out Frankie Fields in the fifth round. Maultbie's last fight was a knockout over Glen Hartman, a stablemate of Fields.

Young Sol beat Nick Olivia at Topeka on February 19.

By HUGH SHANNON

Jimmy Slattery has gone to his camp at Indian Lake, Adirondack Mountains, to condition himself for his coming setto with Young Stribling at Madison Square Garden, New York, March 26. Slattery realizes he will have to be in tip-top shape to battle the Georgian over the 15-round route. Jimmy has boxed more ten-round bouts this season than ever before and is going over the longer route in better shape than he did last Fall. Whether he can go 15 rounds remains to be seen.

The last time Slattery and Stribling met was for ten rounds here in Buffalo. The decision went to Slattery, although the fight was very close.

Stribling is much heavier than Slattery now. When the boys met two years ago there was very little difference in their weight. Now Stribling weighs about 180 while Slattery, in condition, is still a legitimate middleweight and won't scale over 160.

Rocky Kansas, lightweight champion, has gone South for bouts with Freddy Jacks, English featherweight, and Mel Coogan, veteran Brooklyn lightweight. Kansas can box these fellows when he's fifty years old and not worry about the outcome.

Kansas is grooming himself for a real big shot. It may be with Sid Terris at New York; Sammy Mandel at Chicago, or with Benny Leonard, retired champion, at New York this Summer. Probably any of the three named will lick Rocky but he will get plenty of dough for himself and if he loses he will, in all probability, hang up the boxing gloves for all time.

Eddie Kane, the Chicago manager, who pilots Sammy Mandell, was in town last week. Kane offered Kansas a $50,000 guarantee to mingle with Mandell to a decision at Chicago. Kansas is still thinking it over.

Charlie Murray, the astute promoter, plans a championship match between Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg, world's titleholder and Tommy Ryan, the Buffalo crack. Murray hopes to get Bushey Graham to box Ryan 15 rounds and then match the winner with Rosenberg. Ryan defeated Graham here three weeks ago and will probably outpoint the Utica flash again, if they meet.

The Velodrome Club was forced to postpone its show from February 22 to March 22 on account of the illness of Sid Terris, who was slated to box Harry Cook in the main bout. While Terris has a big advantage on Cook as a boxer the club had several other good boys' bouts to back up its windup. Art Weygant, local southpaw light-heavyweight, was carded to meet Martin Burke, New Orleans, for six rounds and Harry Felix, stablemate of Terris, was matched with Bobby Travey of this city. Another ten rounder would bring together Freddie Mueller, Buffalo, and Jackie Brady, Syracuse.

The Queensberry Club plans a gala boxing show for March 17. Matchmaker Murray is working on an all-star card that will be the best ever staged here, if he is successful in signing up the men he wants.

Murray hopes to show three ten-round bouts at popular prices and anyone of the three bouts would stand out as a main event. It will be a Madison Square Garden card in every sense of the word.

Lou Bloom, promising Columbus, O., bantamweight, expects to make Buffalo his home. Bloom will go over big here for he's a 100 per cent fighter.

Johnny Rose (Jack Rosen), Toronto, Ont., bantamweight, is requested to write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Outdoor boxing will be a big thing here this Summer. Both the Velodrome and Queensberry clubs plan some high class bouts. Perhaps a championship will change hands here during the warm weather.

Art Weygant would like a crack at Harry Greb over the shortstop distance. Weygant is only twenty and unable to box more than six rounds in New York State.

Frankie Schoell won on a foul in four rounds from Joe Anderson, Cincinnati welterweight, at Cincinnati, February 15. Frankie fought a good fight and was out in front when the low blow was struck.

Schoell cannot understand why he hadn't been rated higher among the welters. The only legitimate welter that has shown that he has a little on Frankie is Dave Shade. Dave won over Schoell three times and Schoell copped one decision. Each and every bout of the four was close and hard-fought.

In this writer's opinion Schoell can beat any 147-pounder in this country with two exceptions. I believe Frankie could not defeat Walker or Shade but can trim any of the others.

Freddie Mueller, Ray Romney, Teddy Dean, etc., are fighting good bouts down around Rochester. Jake Carey, the Rochester impresario is sweet on Mueller.

Lou Scozza put the skids under Big Bob Fox at Toronto. Lou knocked out the Canadian light-heavyweight in four rounds and gave Fox a trouncing that he will remember. It was Scozza's second knockout at Toronto. Previous to stopping Fox Lou knocked out Harry Henning in three rounds.

Bert Hillier of St. Catherine's, the new middleweight champion of Canada, defeated Hrary Henning in ten rounds on February 22 at St. Catherines. Hillier also defeated Jack Loney and other good Canadian scrappers. The St. Catherines lad is a comer.

NOTES FROM NEVADA

By "KID" GLOVES

Boxing has been revived in Western Nevada through the efforts of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The sport has been built up after a lapse of a number of years. Cards are staged bi-monthly by the Veterans in Reno, the scene of the "battle of the century" in 1910 between Jeffries and Johnson.

During the spring, summer and early fall cards are held at Virginia City, famous mining camp of the Comstock lode, through the cooperation of Jack Clark of Virginia City and the Carson City American Legion.

The sport of boxing in Nevada is virtually centered around Jack Spencer of Reno, champion featherweight of the state. Spencer climbed into prominence last year by defeating all comers at his weight of 126 pounds. He has a string of knockouts that has kept many promising Pacific Coast boxers away from the Sagebrush state.

The "blond whirlwind," as he is known in this section, constantly keeps in shape. He recently broadcasted a challenge to any 126-pound boxer in the country.

Among other promising Nevada boxers are Al Forson, light-heavyweight, and Johnny Swobe, middleweight. They are learning the game and show considerable ability. Followers of boxing declare that both of them have a future in the squared ring.

As interest in boxing increases, fans look for miners and lumbermen from the surrounding logging and mining camps to get into the ring for tryouts. A number have already showed ability during the past year.

FISTIC NEWS FROM SOUTH JERSEY

By HARRY H. DOLFUSS

The fight fans of south Jersey have taken a big interest in boxing shows staged there, and from all indications by the way the fans are patronizing the shows it looks that boxing at last has gotten a firm hold on this part of the state.

Promoters Higgins and Caplin have made a big success in their new Arena, which has a seating capacity of 8,000, in Camden. They have been packing them to the doors and some nights they have to turn them away since they have opened this Arena, and are out to secure the best talent obtainable for their steady patronage.

Tommy Farley, the crack lightweight from Atlantic City, has been going big at the world's playground and has proven to be a consistent winner, and should now be ranked amongst such stars as Sid Terris, Rocky Kansas and Jimmy Goodrich.

Young Chappie and Pee Wee Ross boxed an eight-round draw at the Temple Theatre.

Lew Skymer, Camden's junior lightweight, should be given a chance to display his wares by the local promoters in a star bout, as he has been going like a house afire in Camden and Philadelphia, and is a boy that will be heard from in the near future.

Scotty MacDonald, featherweight champion of Scotland, has been lined up by the Jersey promoters for a number of matches, as he proved to be a terror in the ring. Trenton, Camden, Atlantic City and Newark are all after the Scotchman's services now.

Clown Jimmy Kelly, of Atlantic City, proves to be a thrill in action with his jumping style of fighting with the south Jersey fans.

The promoters are now trying to secure Frankie Genaro, of New York, for Pee Wee Ross.

Jimmy Patterson came all the way from Scranton to administer Al Holtzman of Riverdale a terrific pasting.

Iron Man Jack West, of Atlantic City, made his initial appearance in New York on Washington's Birthday and was knocked out in the tenth round by Joe Glick. "Better luck next time, Jack."

Oscar Kennedy, the Temple promoter, has been building a lot of local talent at his club. This is where beginners get their chance.

Sergeant Ray Smith, who a few years back was one of the best heavyweights turned out of the A. E. F., has now discarded the gloves and is officiating as a referee.

Rosy Stoy, of Lancaster, journeyed to the seashore and won over Clark Anderson in eight rounds.

Frankie Conway, of Camden, who a few years back was rated in these parts as a title contender for the bantamweight crown, having met such star fighters in his heydey as Pete Herman, Kid Williams, Joe Lynch, Harry Gordon and a good many others, is almost totally blind. Frankie's injuries came through his eyes' contact with dirty gloves.

Sailor Nick Nichols outpointed Clown Jimmy Kelly at a benefit show in Gloucester.

Johnny Mosely, formerly of Atlantic City, is now making his home in Salem.

Soldier Freeman, of Camp Dix, who made many a big hit around Mt. Holly and Camden where he proved to be a glutton for punishment, was knocked out easily in Trenton by Ted Nelson.

Clark Anderson, flashy colored Cleveland featherweight, is now making his home in Atlantic City and has given a good account of himself against Mike Dundee, Buck Fleming, Babe Ruth, Billy Pimpus.

What looks to be one of the best heavyweights turned out of this state in years is Fred McDougal, of Beverly. In less than a year he has run a string of nine knockouts in a row since starting in the art of firsticuff. He is 22 years of age and stands 6 feet 1 inch.

In Our Question Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

James O'Reilly, New York City.

Q.—Who manages Jack Hausner and where can I get in touch with him?

A.—Lou Brix, room 727, No. 41 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Walter Bardgett, Leonia, N. J.

Q.—What has become of Pal Moore, of Memphis, Tenn.

A.—He fights now and then.

Cornelius Leahey, Waterbury, Conn.

Q.—Who is the fastest boxer, cleverest boxer and most aggressive fighter of the last twenty-five years?

A.—Jack Dempsey owns the above qualifications.

A Subscriber, B. C., Canada.

Q. (1)—Is it true that Jack Johnson drove his fist through a punching bag? (2) Has Vic Foley a chance of winning the world's bantam title? (3) What is Joe Walcott's address? (4) Whom do you consider the wealthiest pugilist? (5) If a fellow has poor wind is it o. k. for him to start training for one or two-minute rounds to start with?

A. (1)—Yes. (2) Yes. (3) Walcott can be reached through any sporting editor in Boston. (4) Packey McFarland. (5) Yes.

Joe Dellecave, New York City.

Q.—What is the nationality and age of Pal Reed?

A.—New England Yankee; about twenty-

Paddy Jaci, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Q.—(1) Who was the man who was stopped in the middle of the thirtieth and thirty-fifth round for the championship in Ireland? (2) Is Bob Fitzsimmons dead; when was he born; when did he die, and has he a son still fighting?

A.—(1) No records of Irish title fights. (2) Fitz died at Chicago Oct. 21, 1917; born at Helsten, Cornwall, England, June 4, 1862; Young Bob Fitzsimmons is still fighting.

Erskine McIllwaine, Monroe, N. C.

Q.—(1) Who would win a Berlenbach-Tunney fight, and Dave Shade vs. Tiger Flowers? (2) Have Tunney and Stribling ever fought? (3) With proper handling could Stribling become a champ? (4) Who defeated Young Corbett for the feather-weight title, and what is his real name? (5) Are most boxers men of good character?

A.—(1) Tunney, Shade. (2) No. (3) Yes. (4) In 1901 Corbett knocked out Terry McGovern in two rounds at Hartford, Conn. Both Corbett and McGovern entered the lightweight class, and Abe Attell claimed the title in 1904, at 122 pounds, the recognized weight then. Corbett's baptismal name is William Rothwell. (5) Yes.

Issie, Garfield, N. J.

Q.—What is the best way for a man just entering the ring to harden his stomach and get his wind?

A.—Bending, touching hands to floor hardens abdominal muscles. Running on road, short distance at first and gradually increasing, is good for the wind.

Charles E. Hagberg, Seattle, Wash.

Q.—(1) When did Jim Jeffries start fighting? (2) Who would win in a Jeffries-Sullivan bout? (3) Who was the best heavyweight of all time?

A.—(1) 1896. (2) Sullivan. (3) John L. Sullivan.

L. M. William, Savannah, Ga.

Q.—What is the best and quickest exercise to reduce waist line and what diet to assist same?

A.—Bending body till hands touch floor. Lie on back and raise to sitting position. Repeat. Vegetable diet. Eat sparingly of meat. Long walks.

Louis Leon, Folsom, Cal.

Q.—How old is Jack Dempsey?

A.—31.

A Subscriber, B. C., Canada.

Q.—Did Peter Jackson ever fight Frank Slavin a fight of two-minute rounds?

A.—They met but once, National S. C., London, England, May 30, 1892. Jackson won by a knockout in tenth of bout scheduled for twenty rounds, three minutes each.

A Reader, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Q.—What are the ages of Harry Wills, Kid Norfolk and Panama Joe Gans?

A.—34, 31, 30.

Rudolph Longiotti, New York City.

Q.—(1) Was Young Lee ever recognized bantamweight champion of the world? (2) Did he ever defeat Jimmy Barry and Harry Schumacher? (3) Who was the greatest featherweight of all time?

A. (1) No. (2) No. (3) George Dixon.

Joseph H. Dickens, Magnolia, Ark.

Q.—(1) Who would win in a Sid Terris-Sammy Mandell bout? How old was Jack Delaney when he started fighting; has he ever been stopped, how often, by whom and when? (3) Could Jeffries whip John L. in his prime?

SISTER ASKS AID;
SEEKS SOLDIER MELLO

In looking over the Ring Magazine last month I came across your letter box. I wish to ask you a question which is not like the others.

I would like to have you assist me find my brother. The last heard of him was that he fought under the name of Soldier Mello, at Columbia, Ohio. I would like to get in touch with him.

Miss Mary Mello,
302 Broadway, Fall River, Mass.

A.—(1) Terris. (2) 19 years old. He was stopped twice by Augie Ratner and Young Fisher, respectively, in 1922. (3) No.

Theodore Herr, Lock Haven, Pa.

Q.—(1) Who was conceded the best welter, middle and light heavyweight of all times? (2) Who would win in a Stanley Ketchel-Gene Tunney bout, and Walcott vs. Mickey Walker?

A.—(1) Walcott, Ketchel, Bob Fitzsimmons. (2) Ketchel, Walcott.

D. E. James, Woburn, Mass.

Q.—Was Frank Slavin the champion at any time? Did he box Peter Maher; what was the date and result?

A.—Slavin claimed the Australian title in 1892 when knocked out by Jackson for championship of England and Australia. Slavin fought Maher on June 8, 1896, losing a four-round contest in New York.

Dan Murphy, Brockton, Mass.

Q.—What were the battles Jimmy Carroll, old timer, engaged in?

A.—His record is incomplete; was knocked out by Jack McAuliffe March 21, 1889.

William T. Brady, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What was the name of the ship tatooed on Tom Sharkey's chest?

A.—So's your stepfather. Tom called it the Clipper Ship S. O. S., but when Fitz sunk the craft all calls for help were ignored.

Frank Agresti, New York City.

Q.—Was there ever a fighter named Johnny Reagan, and was he any good?

A.—Reagan was a well known fighter under London rules. He gave Nonpareil Jack Dempsey his hardest battle. Dempsey scored a k. o. in forty-fifth round on December 13, 1887. The ring was pitched on Long Island.

K. Nelson, Superior, Wis.

Q.—(1) Were two or three-minute round bouts fought in the bare knuckle days? (2) Was there a minute between each round?

A.—(1) Round ended when a contestant was knocked or wrestled to the earth. Some rounds lasted a few seconds, others one-half or three-quarters of an hour. (2) Half a minute.

Dave Phillips, London, Dng.

Q.—Is Battling Nelson blind?

A.—No.

Lenny Wyckoff, New York City.

Q.—(1) How old are Tom Gibbons, Solly Seeman, Benny Leonard and Johnny Green? (2) How can I get a photo of Harry Wills?

A.—(1) 37, 24, 30 and 21. (2) Write Paddy Mullins, his manager, No. 217 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

T. Williams, New York City.

Q. Why do sporting writers claim that Jack Dempsey is such a great fighter?

A.—Because he is a great fighter.

Joe Gigliotti, Utica, N. Y.

Q.—How many times did Bushy Graham fight Frankie Genaro, and what were the results?

A.—Twice. One draw and Genaro was victorious in twelve rounds.

Joseph Herz, Newport, R. I.

Q.—How many fights did Chick Suggs have in two years, and the results?

A.—About 100. Get a copy of the Everlast Record Book.

O'Donnell Brady Gallagher, Huntington, West Virginia.

Q.—(1) Who was Stanley Ketchel's last opponent, result and location? (2) When was Johnny Coulon the bantam king? (3) Did Willus Britt, manager of Stanley Ketchel, meet a tragic death?

A.—(1) Jim Smith, k. o. five rounds, New York City. (2) From 1909 to 1914. (3) Yes.

A Reader, San Francisco, Cal.

Q. Who would win in a Wills-Dempsey bout?

A.—Dempsey.

V. Broun, New York City.

Q.—(1) Who are the hardest hitters in the flyweight division? (2) Who are the five most scientific boxers? (3) Who is the hardest hitter in the light heavyweight division?

A.—(1) La Barba, Genaro, Clever Sencio. (2) Sid Terris, Sammy Mandell, Jack Dempsey, Dave Shade, Jack Delaney. (3) Pat Berlenbach.

Oscar Pozzohoni, New York City.

Q. What are the correct names of Geb, Babe Herman, Joe Dundee, Willie Jackson and Jimmy Jones?

Just Among Ourselves

UPON his return from a two month's trip abroad, the Editor of THE RING was exceptionally pleased to find several hundred letters awaiting him, some congratulating THE RING upon its fifth aniversary, others congratulating the staff for the splendid February issue, still others offering help to THE RING in the form of old photographs, rare boxing prints and rare boxing books. In addition there were some letter of praise for Tex Rickard's 1925 selections, some taking issue with these choices and many others on the heavyweight series carried in the last six issues of our publication.

The Editor and his staff welcome these letters. We thank all our readers for the interest they take in THE RING'S welfare. We welcome both the praise and the fault finding, for each helps us to better the standard of our book. The Editor, in particular, extends his thanks to the person who forwarded the three beautiful Currier and Ives prints of Sayers, Keenan and Chambers and the old boxing books. All will help to give our readers more and better pictures and old stories of the Prize Ring.

Readers are urgently requested to discuss the various topics presented to them in each issue. Write on one side of the paper only and make your comment brief.

THE RING is your magazine. Whatever progress it has made has been due to your splendid support, morally and financially. Let us continue along this line.

From February 1, 1925, to February 1, 1926, THE RING obtained 1,421 new subscribers. We thank these new readers for their faith in THE RING. The tremendous cost of this publication makes it almost prohibitive to sell THE RING for 15 cents a copy yet. We keep the price within the means of all ardent boxing followers. You can help us defray the expenses by subscribing if you are not a subscriber, or getting at least one friend to subscribe. Come along, boys—ride with us—We need you.

Here are a few of the leading letters received last month. Others will be published in the following issue:

He Likes THE RING

I have just finished reading an old issue of THE RING—February, 1923. First of all, the present cover looks a great deal better. There are better stories and tales of boxing appearing in this magazine now than there ever were. Each issue, in my estimation, is better than the previous one. THE RING has greater writers than in 1923. And I see you have still the good ones with you.

I wonder how THE RING will be in 1927. I might say, it'll be worth a half a dollar then, judging from the way it's going over now. Recently had all my old RING magazines made into volumes—1922-23-24 and 25. They look neat.

JAMES BLAKE,
Chicago.

Just About "Sully"

BEING threatened with a revolver because he attempted in a fit of anger to throw a young man through the window of a railway train was the experience of John L. Sullivan one January afternoon in 1884. Let me relate the story as I read it in the issue of the "Toronto Globe" of January 28, 1884:

"In the train which bore Sullivan and his party from Helena to Garrison, en route to Butte, on Saturday, a lively scene was enacted between the champion and a young miner who formerly resided in that city. The latter had with him a small flask of whiskey. He was travelling alone and wanted a drink. Sullivan sat behind him. The miner pulled out the flask and said:

"'Mr. Sullivan, will you have a drink?'

"'No,' said Sully, with offensive emphasis, 'I don't drink.'

"'I hope you'll excuse me,' said the young man, 'I meant no offence.'

"'You shouldn't be so fresh,' was the reply, 'you shouldn't talk to men you don't know.'

"Soon afterwards the young man took another drink, and in a spirit of levity asked the champion a second time to take a drink, but did so in a very respectful way.

"'You're a cur,' said Sullivan, 'and I'll throw you out of the window.'

"Attempting to suit the action to the word, Sullivan arose, and was just about to take hold of the man with the bottle, when quick as a flash the latter put his hand in his pocket where he carried his revolver, and resolutely facing the champion, said:

"'You ——— ———, you may be champion of the world, but you can't run this territory nor bully me. If you put me out of that window I'll put six shots into you while you're doing it.'

"Sullivan at once resumed his seat, and Pete McCoy and others interfered to prevent any further disturbance. McCoy explained the matter to the young man by stating that Sullivan had just lost his hat and overcoat off the train, and that he was angry at the loss and therefore couldn't control his temper. He further stated that Sully was afraid of being shot in Montana and asked the offended young man to avoid any further trouble. This request was complied with and the combination reached Butte without any further trouble."

J. A. WHYTE,
100 Toronto St.,
Kingston, Ont., Can.

Praise for Peter Jackson

I am sorry you discontinued your splendid and most interesting series on "The Greatest Heavyweights." Regardless of this fact, I have decided to contribute just a few words on the subject.

Space will not permit of words to do justice to all the great 'uns in the Heavyweight Division—Sullivan, Jackson, Corbett, Johnson, Fitzsimmons, Slavin, Langford, Sharkey and Dempsey. All were good men.

I believe if a vote were taken by men who know boxing the choice of most critics regarding the world's greatest heavyweight would be Jackson. He had the edge on them all. Such wonderful skill, courage and power! He could judge distance to perfection. His style was so effective that few have ever excelled him. He was never defeated until his career was over and at that time tuberculosis had the shackles on him. His ebony skin was the shield that protected the mighty Sullivan.

By many the name of "Peter Jackson" will long be remembered as the Napoleon of the "Heavyweight Division."

C. W. KINNETT,
Colton, California.

Still Voting for "Jeff"

MAY I contribute my opinion as to my choice regarding the world's greatest heavyweight?

If we look at the records and compare the heavys of all eras, wouldn't we pick Jim Jeffries as the greatest of them all? Jeffries was invincible when in his prime. He had strength and nerve force that was out of proportion to that of any other big man. He could play with any of them in the ring, and he was never knocked down, except by Johnson when "Jeff's" fighting days had long passed, or even staggered by any of his opponents. Monroe wrestled him to the floor.

Look over some of the men he fought. Fitzsimmons, a mighty hitter, a clever man who broke every bone in his hand on Jeff's face and cut and bruised him. but did no weakening damage. "Jeff" knocked him out in the eleventh, and in another fight he k. o.d him in the eighth.

Jim Corbett was a clever opponent and fast, but "Jeff" beat him to it and knocked him out in the twenty-third round and again in another battle in the tenth.

Sharkey, Ruhlin, Choynski, all the good men of the day hammered at "Jeff" but were beat in the end.

CHARLEY "KID" LAWSON.

Another for Jeffries

I AM sending in my selection of the best heavyweight despite the fact that you announced this series completed.

In picking the greatest heavyweight of all times, I would choose Jim Jeffries. In winning the title, he whipped one of the greatest champions of the past, Bob Fitzsimmons.

In 1902 he gave Fitz another chance and knocked him out again. Jeffries twice knocked out the scientific Jim Corbett, won two decisions over Tom Sharkey, knocked out big Jack Monroe, flattened the great Peter Jackson. He was feared by Langford.

But when Jeffries was knocked out by Jack Johnson in 1910, he wasn't doped or nothing like that. He was too old, but his old fighting heart was there and he held the Big Smoke off for fifteen rounds, finally giving away irom weakness. Jeffries was one great fighter and he could take it, too.

If Johnson had fought the Jeffries of 1898, it would have been a different story.

O'DONNELL B. GALLAGHER,
Huntington, W. Va.

Boxing's Golden Era

HERE is my opinion on the greatest heavyweights of all time:

Boxing reached its height between 1892 and 1905. That was the ring's Golden Era. The culmination of perfection, the pinnacle of achievement, the greatest heavyweight of all time, was James J. Jeffries. Records prove that. During his reign there flourished the greatest collection of heavyweights ever seen, and he was the greatest of all. He defeated all manner of boxers.

In Corbett he beat the fastest heavyweight and the cleverest boxer that ever lived; in Fitzsimmons, the most effective hitter of any time; in Tom Sharkey, the greatest of all near-champions. While Jeffries would not rank first in skill, speed or hitting ability, for all around prowess he was invincible.

Peter Jackson never saw the day that he could have beaten Jeffries; and the idea of Johnson beating Jeffries when the white man was at his best is ridiculous. Johnson lacked both the ability and the nerve. As for Sullivan and Dempsey, they would have fought themselves out punching Jeffries, and then have been defeated. If there ever was a man who might have won from Jeffries it was Corbett, when at his prime.

This is my rating of heavyweights: James J. Jeffries; James J. Corbett; Jack Dempsey; Peter Jackson; Bob Fitzsimmons; John L. Sullivan; Tom Sharkey; Kid McCoy; Sam Langford; Jack Johnson; Louis Firpo, and Jess Willard.

ROBERT E. HOWARD,
Cross Plains, Texas.

Picks the Four Greatest

SPEAKING about the greatest heavyweight champs we can eliminate all but Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Corbett and Jeffries. Cold statistics tell us that Sullivan had the most imposing record, with Jeffries next. Records do not always show the greatness of a fighter, but they do in this case, for undoubtedly Sullivan and Jeffries were the greatest fighters that ever held the crown. They were men of great physical power, and they were both undefeated in their prime.

Sullivan held the crown for ten years, and when he met defeat he was but a shell of his former fighting self. Corbett was a scientific fighter and a credit to his profession, but he could never have beaten Sullivan in his prime. Incidentally, the defeat Sullivan suffered at the hands of Corbett was the only one chalked up against him in his ten years of fighting.

Jeffries was one of the strongest fighters that ever laced on a glove. He fought and defeated Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Sharkey and all the rest of the challengers in defense of his crown. He defeated Fitz on two occasions, when the latter was in his prime, and left no doubt as to his superiority. He also defeated Corbett in the latter's comeback, although Corbett showed the greatest form of his entire career on that occasion.

Jeffries waded through the rest of his challengers and was forced into retirement through lack of competition. His return to the ring five years later, to uphold the honor of the white race, is the greatest tragedy in ring annals. He went down in crushing defeat, before Jack Johnson. But one defeat cannot wipe out the great record of Jeffries, who deserves to be ranked with Sullivan as the greatest heavyweight of all time.

MAURICE SAIR,
Winnipeg, Can.

Hoping to see this article in an early issue of THE RING.

"Thanks for Your Kind Offer"

In the last issue of THE RING, Francis Albertanti was asked by Kern Starwood as follows: "What is meant by back heeling?" and he answered: "Back heeling is not countenanced."

The man did not ask was it foul or if it was countenanced. The reader also asked: "Who is the most scientific of the light heavies?" and Albertanti answered: "Delaney."

Tommy Loughran taught Jack a few scientific ways on two occasions. If you want an answer to the back-heeling question write me. I'll tell you. If I were Kern Starwood your answer would not satisfy me. I am going to write to the party and tell him the answer to his question.

J. O'BECK,
1233 North 17th Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Thanks very much for your kind offer. I misunderstood Starwood's first question. For your edification I'll give a proper definition of backheeling.

Backheeling is a term that originated in wrestling, and was used in all styles except Graeco-Roman. It was permissible in pugilistic contents under London rules, which allowed wrestling. Backheeling was accomplished in this manner: With both men (either wrestlers or fighters) on their feet, one steps in close, advances his right foot behind the left leg of his opponent and brings his right heel sharpiy against the left heel of the victim, throwing the latter off balance and opening the way for a fall.

I confess I confused backheeling with the foul blow in modern boxing known as "heeling" with the glove. This consists of turning the palm towards an opponent's face, raising the glove sharply so that the wrist will scrape the face of the victim.

As regards who is the most scientific boxer, I insist Delaney has it over Mr. Loughran or any other light heavy by a few city blocks.

FRANCIS ALBERTANTI.

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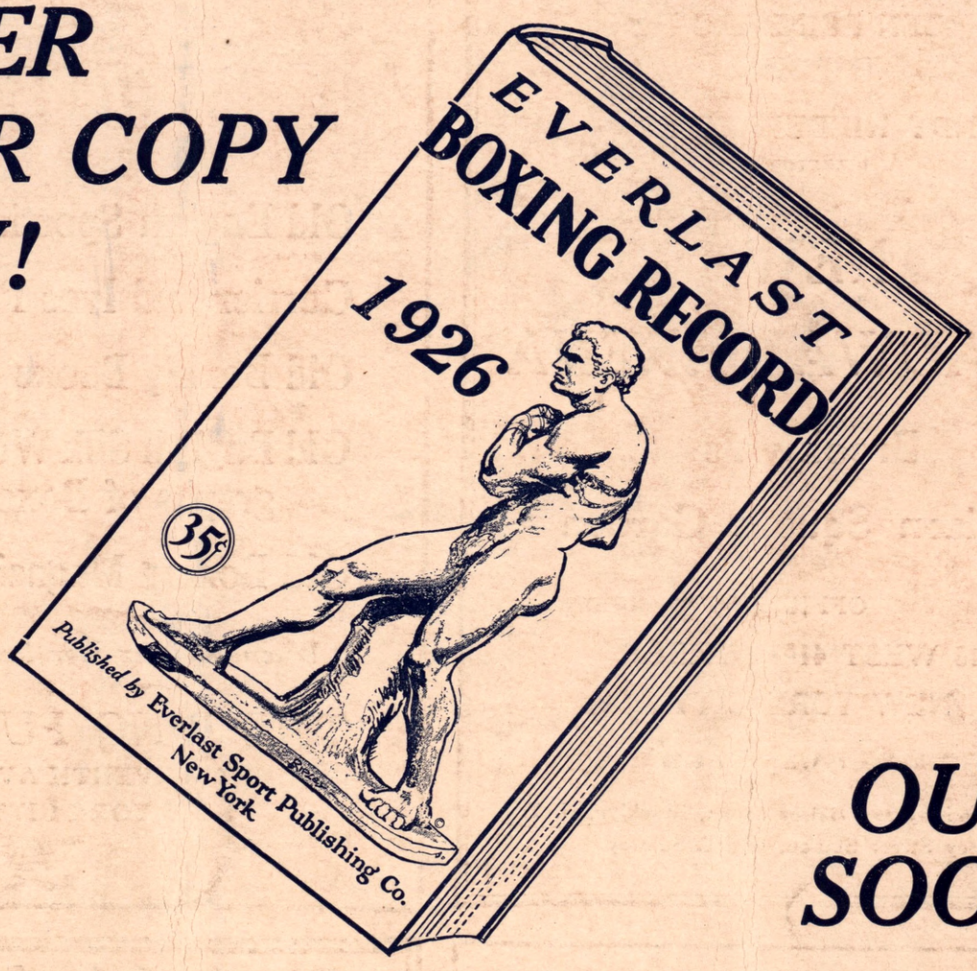

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